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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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"From a harvest ever in season  
stolen fruit is always sweetest."

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# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HE Yellow Plague, filthy and corrupting, is spreading and growing with alarming rapidity in America. Our story, "White Slaves of Yellow Masters," is but a very mild picture, and gives but a very faint and imperfect idea of the horribly demoralizing influence of the Chinese and other degraded Asiatic races which are pouring by thousands upon thousands into America in alarmingly increasing numbers. Very much of the shocking truth about them and their unspeakable, to the American mind unthinkable, immorality is so indecent that we cannot print it.

To give our readers some idea of the true facts and actual conditions on which we base our story of "White Slaves of Yellow Masters," we quote the following extracts from the testimony of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, representing the Woman's National Industrial League of America before a Senate Committee taking testimony on "Chinese Exclusion." Mrs. Smith said in part:

"I have sat here for hours listening to elaborate speeches made by lawmakers in regard to how the Chinese affect the financial interests, principally. *Very lightly do you touch on the moral situation.*

"My efforts for the rescue and reform of fallen women in the United States have been, I think, more extensive than those of any other woman in the country, and in my work among those women I have had frequent occasions to see the shocking results of the immorality of the Chinamen who come to this country, very few of them who bring their wives, and who prey upon white girls.

"The Chinese are like a sponge; they absorb and give nothing in return but bad odors and worse morals. They are a standing menace to the women of this country. Their very presence is contaminating. They have sown the seed of vice in every city, town and hamlet in the United States. They encourage, aid and abet the youth of the land to become opium fiends, for from the sale of opium is their greatest revenue derived. Through the introduction of, importing and experimenting in cheap labor of the Chinese, a result is that our insane asylums are full to overflowing and Americans are fast becoming addicted to the use of opium.

"In my investigations as president of the Woman's Rescue League, which is a branch of the Woman's National Industrial League, I found 175 women who had been baptized in the Christian faith living with Chinamen in New York, in 1892. The women bring young pagans into the world and with their so-called husbands worship in joss-houses and become disciples of Confucius as well as opium fiends.

"Furthermore, 99 out of every 100 Chinese are gamblers, and this undesirable class come into direct competition with women who are breadwinners. The beastly and immoral lives that these Mongolians lead is only too well known in the police courts of our large cities, where patrol wagons filled with Chinese gamblers and Sunday school scholars—every Monday morning—goes to prove, as an object lesson, that they can never be 'Christianized.'

"During the year 1889 in Washington, D. C., 564 Chinese were arrested, the majority of whom were members of the Metropolitan Church Sunday School. Men and women, pipes and opium-joint paraphernalia were brought into the police court. The very worst of gamblers and most immoral opium-joint keepers were so-called Sunday school Chinese pupils. I was interested in having these Chinese 'Christians' raided, because of their contaminating young children, and the result was published in the newspapers at that time.

"In Boston, June 23, 1894, 15,000 unfortunate girls were turned loose to forage upon the community, because of a moral crusade inaugurated against vice. What was the result? American-born, educated girls, became the mistresses of the Chinese of Boston. The tenderloin floating population was soon after transferred to Chinatown, and the Chinese were allowed to go into the business of keeping houses of ill-repute, and engaged extensively in this illicit traffic. This in puritanical Boston, where educated, American-born white slaves were bought and sold for as low as \$2.00 per head, while Chinese women were prized at \$1,500 to \$3,000 each. The Chinese, with few exceptions, do not bring their wives and children to this country, therefore they prey upon American girls because they can be procured so much cheaper.

"It is time Christian women began missionary work in our big cities. The heathen are making more converts to Con-

fucius than the missionaries are making converts to Christianity. Therefore it would be well to keep the missionaries home and help save the bodies as well as the souls of our girls."

Much of the above testimony of Mrs. Smith applies to conditions in the Eastern states where the Asiatics are not nearly so numerous as in the Pacific Slope States where, as we are told, conditions are proportionately worse. But it is spreading and growing worse all over the country. Unless some drastic legislation is enacted at once, the condition in the Eastern states will be as bad as in California, which is simply unbearable, and all the great states west of the Rocky Mountains will be overrun and controlled by Asiatics.

Listen to the cry from our brothers in the Far West for help and deliverance from this dreadful scourge. Rise in your might and save America for Christ and Christian morality, and remember that in helping the West you are saving yourselves, your homes and your families from degradation and threatened destruction.

**T**HE serious attention of our subscribers to a matter of importance is requested just at this time. Some, in fact quite a number of you will find a buff folder subscription blank wrapped inside this October number of COMFORT. If it is there, it means that your subscription is just run out or is about to expire, and that you should make use of it at once to renew your subscription two full years from date of expiration for only 25 cents; because if you neglect it your name will be struck from our subscription list and you will cease to receive COMFORT until you subscribe anew. This blank gives you the privilege of renewing your subscription at the old subscriber's special half price renewal rate of 25 cents for two years, while new subscribers have to pay just twice that rate—50 cents for two years. If you wait until after your subscription has expired, and consequently we have been obliged to strike your name off our list, you will miss one or more interesting numbers of COMFORT, lose parts of the fine serial stories that we are running, and when you do get round to subscribe later on it will cost you 25 cents for one year, because we shall have to treat you then as a new subscriber. So you perceive the importance of looking to see if the buff renewal blank is wrapped inside this paper, and if it is, the necessity of filling it out and sending it in with a quarter at once. On another page you will find full directions for using it. We cannot spare the time and expense of going through our immense subscription list each and every month to sort out the names of those whose subscriptions expire that particular month, so we do it every few months. So this month we are enclosing the buff renewal blank to those whose subscriptions expire with this October number and also to those that run out soon after October. Of course we never cut a subscription off until it has expired. But if you receive the buff blank, you may be sure that it is time to renew your subscription. By renewing now you will make sure of receiving COMFORT'S exquisite Art Calendar for 1910 as a Thanksgiving present from our Publisher. It is a ten color lithographic reproduction of a beautiful picture painted especially for COMFORT to decorate the homes of its subscribers.

**N**OW that October is here, and the harvest moon is shining overhead, and the fruits of field, orchard and vineyard have been gathered in, the farmer can rest from his labors, and with the fruits of his toil jingling in his pockets, face the winter months without fear or misgiving.

Providence has again blessed this our glorious land with another bountiful harvest. The wail of the pessimist, whose croakings, in the early summer, reverberated from coast to coast (chiefly for the purpose of aiding stock manipulation), have not materialized.

The smiling fields, the fruitful orchards, the productive vineyards, have yielded abundant crops to the sturdy agriculturist, farmer and rancher, whose pockets are now jingling with the proceeds of the eight billion dollar harvest, which is given to him as a reward of ceaseless and faithful toil.

The abundant harvest has not only forever laid the panic bogey of 1907, and the gaunt specter of hunger which followed in its trail in 1908 (bringing misery and suffering to so many thousands of the unemployed in the cities during those two years), but it has quickened the pulse of every industry and enterprise in the land.

The whirring wheels of the factory, the ring of the anvil, the roar of the forge, and the blast of the furnace, the snort of the construction train, once more reverberate in every corner of the land and every artery of business is pulsating with the life-giving currents of a new era of industrial expansion and healthy prosperity.

The armchair philosopher, and the sleek apologists for the blunders and crimes of political and financial pirates, will tell you that panics are unavoidable; and that the farther the economic pendulum swings to the side of prosperity, so surely will its momentum carry it back in the other direction of want, misery and suffering. History supports this theory to some extent, but the theory, as far as this country is concerned is absolutely fallacious. With eighty millions of virile, energetic, enterprising American citizens inhabiting a country of inexhaustible resources; provided by nature with every conceivable article of use and luxury necessary for the support and comfort of its people, there is no possible excuse for panics or hard times.

The only legitimate excuse for a commercial cataclysm would be a succession of bad harvests, or war, plague, pestilence and disaster, which would rob the nation of its manhood, independence, vigor and spirit.

Panics are due to that political indifference and the resultant graft and dishonesty which is the curse of our country. Every man and woman should take an interest in politics, —a sane and sensible interest,—and acquire a thorough knowledge of all political and economic problems before the country today, and they should also acquire a thorough knowledge of the men they trust with the conduct of municipal, state and national affairs.

Politics has become the business of the few, and our government which was intended to be a national government is run largely in the interests of a class, and it is the wild striving of this class to acquire wealth no matter how, even to the plunging of the nation in the abyssal depths of starvation, ruin and misery, that causes panics, permitting the hog of privilege to run its swinish nose into courts and legislatures, rooting at the very pillars of our national fabric, while its political friends who made its rampage possible, with corporate gold jingling in their pockets, encourage the hog of privilege to still further acts of venality, spoliation and piracy.

When the panic came the work of exploitation was temporarily stopped, and more conservative methods prevailed. Speculative madness was toppled from its throne, and calm reason took its place.

But not even the machinations of political trust lackeys, nor the rapacious greed of financial pirates, can long keep the American people from their normal condition of prosperity. The recuperative forces that lie in the soil, and in the strong hearts of men, the honest tillers of the soil, are too mighty to be more than temporarily checked by the plutocratic buccaneer, who with his pistol of privilege takes the nation by its throat and forces it to give up the hard-earned profits that rightfully belong to the people who have produced them.

Never again must this distressing spectacle be enacted in our country. Forest, field, vineyard and orchard, cry out that such conditions are wicked and unthinkable in the face of the Creator's overwhelming bounty—the abundance that rolls without stint from His all-loving hand.

There must be no more panics in this country, and the lesson of the harvest, which re-echoes from valley, field, prairie and upland is, that piratical monopoly must be made to bow its head as humbly as the lowliest of our citizens in our temples of justice, where law must no longer discriminate between rich and poor.

With monopoly checked, and a substantial ring placed in the nose of the hog of privilege, with political lackeys driven from the legislative seats in which they serve their trust masters, and betray the people they have sworn to serve, prosperity will never again disappear from the land.

Prosperity is here. Let us keep it with us. God by His bounty, and we by our energy and genius as a people, have made it our birthright. Let us do our duty politically and commercially, and prosperity will never again depart from our land.

Comfort's Editor.

## Food for Reflection in the Mighty Significance of the Harvest

**K**ING BELLSHAZZAR was not more anxious for Daniel to interpret the mysterious handwriting that blazed in letters of fire on his palace wall portending the fate of Babel than are the merchant princes, the railroad magnates and Wall Street Napoleons of finance each summer for some seer to tell them what shall the harvest be the coming fall; for on this momentous question depend not only individual fortunes but the prosperity of the nation.

Agriculture is still the greatest and most important, the fundamental industry, and when that is unsuccessful its depressing influence is at once felt in every other line of industry and is reflected in decreased commercial activity in all directions, reducing the income of the capitalist, curtailing the employment and remuneration of labor and causing distress to the poor.

The farmers are still the backbone of the nation. They feed the entire people. The farmers are really the most independent, well-to-do and in all important respects the happiest and best circumstanced portion of our population; but it is beyond the scope of this article to go into details as to the many advantages of the agriculturist except as incidental to our subject.

The farmers are apt to complain bitterly about a season of short crops, although actually they suffer less from such a condition than most people engaged in other lines of employment. A total failure even of any one crop is an experience almost unknown in this country, while in years of general shortage the farmer is usually compensated to a considerable degree by higher prices for a smaller yield. In years past small crops have sometimes paid the farmers better than very large ones, which occasionally have been excessive. In any event the farmer is sure of a home and enough to eat for himself and family even though the result of an unsatisfactory harvest may necessitate the curtailment of some of the luxuries, while the general business stagnation caused by short crops often throws thousands out of employment in the manufacturing and commercial centers at the very time when food is highest, and reduces

them to actual hunger and compels them to call for pauper aid or depend on private charity.

About the first to feel the effect of short crops are the railroads in diminished freight earnings, and this results in smaller or, perhaps, no dividends to the stockholders; the discharge of some employees at a time when it is difficult to find other employment because in such cases the labor market is sure to be overstocked; and in cutting down the wages of those who are retained.

As another result of short crops the farmers stop buying luxuries and cut down expenses for necessities so far as possible by wearing their old clothes and in various ways; and this produces still further business stagnation; shutting down the factories and throwing thousands more of laborers out of employment to starve or beg. And so it works all through all lines of business until we have what is known as "hard times"; and then come the failures of the big commercial houses and manufacturers especially if we have a succession of short crop years.

Did you ever try to trace out the far-reaching and disastrous consequences of short crops? It is worth your consideration. The foregoing is but a meager outline just to set you thinking and studying for yourself on this interesting subject.

Did you ever realize that scanty harvests mean that inevitably some must go hungry? But it isn't the farmer nor his family.

If the farmers are not prosperous the business and industrial world can't be; and if the farmers are prosperous with good crops there is no excuse for panics, no reasonable or justifiable cause for hard times; and to have them under such conditions is a crime for which those who are responsible should be severely punished, and it is a shame that our laws do not punish those who by monumental recklessness and gigantic dishonesty bring such dire calamities on this, the wealthiest country on the globe.

The panic of October, 1907, and the year of hard times which followed constitute a notorious instance of what we have denounced.

The actual condition of the entire country was

never more prosperous in every line of commerce and industry. There was neither over-production nor lack of market for every manufactured product. There was a large harvest which commanded high prices that fall and the same favorable condition had existed for a succession of years. But the sudden discovery and exposure of the looting of the public through the fraudulent over-capitalization of railroads and other great corporations and the criminal mismanagement of others by a band of thieves capitalists shook public confidence to the extent of producing the panic and consequent hard times referred to. Had it not been for the generally prosperous condition of the farmers and the splendid crops the consequences would have been much more disastrous and the hard times of much longer duration. The farmers saved the country, and with the record-breaking harvests of last year and this have now fully restored the prosperity of the country so that there can be no question that we are now entering on an era of good times unprecedented in the World's history.

In this connection let us take a view of the bewildering crop figures of the present fall's harvest which is the largest ever, both in volume and value. The total market value of this year's harvest in the United States is more than eight billions of dollars or as the returns show \$8,068,000,000.00, which is seven hundred and ten million dollars (\$710,000,000.00) more than last year, which was a record-breaker. The figures for some of the more important crops this year are corn, 2,974,000,000 bushels, worth \$1,615,000,000.00; barley, 183,431,000 bushels; oats, 940,000,000 bushels; wheat, 735,049,000 bushels; rye, 35,131,000 bushels; flaxseed, 26,000,000 bushels; cottonseed oil, over 52,000,000 gallons; oil cake, over 2,063,000,000 pounds; tobacco, 690,000,000 pounds; potatoes, 320,000,000 bushels; rice, 540,000,000 pounds; 927,000,000 pounds of beet sugar; hay, worth \$743,000,000; dairy products, worth about \$800,000,000.

But the most remarkable thing about our harvests is that although for the last five years we

have had a succession of wonderfully large and increasing harvests,—this year, the biggest of all, the market prices of these farm products instead of falling, as would naturally be expected under such conditions, have been constantly advancing higher and higher.

How do you account for it? and what does it mean? These are questions that are puzzling the great authorities of the world. It seems to us probable that Mr. James J. Hill, the great railroad king of the northwest, has hit upon the true solution. It is well known that our cities have been growing very rapidly in population, considerably faster than the farming districts. In the older sections of the country there has been a steady loss in agricultural population while the cities and manufacturing towns have grown rapidly. The fashion has been for the boy raised on the farm to go to the city to work and live; and so we hear so much about the abandoned farms in some sections of the East. They have thought they could do better in the cities, until now, as Mr. Hill explains, there are not enough farmers to raise food to feed the rest of the country and at the same time there are too many idle people in the cities who can't get work.

Mr. Hill said in part: "The tariff question is not the most important; it is agriculture. A few years ago two thirds of the people were living on the land; now less than 35 per cent. (only about one third), are doing so. Can this number of people feed this community? The thing that will bring the people back to the farm (meaning substantial prosperity, as well) is empty stomachs."

We believe this. What we need is more farmers. At present prices there is more profit in farming than in most other employments or lines of business with the same exertion, capital and capacity. The farm offers better prospects for the enterprising young man than the city. Besides the moral, social and sanitary conditions of farm life are far superior. Give this matter serious consideration, young man, if you have a notion of leaving the farm and going to work in the city.



# "MY LADY BETH" By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Silas Russell tells his daughter, known to her family and friends as "My Lady Beth," that he has a letter from Philip Walton. Upon his arrival from Japan he will renew his acquaintance and learn Beth's convenience regarding a proposed marriage between them, made by her Aunt Eliza, who was in love with Philip's father, and cut out by her dearest friend. Unless this marriage takes place her money goes to the Board of Missions. As a child Lady Beth loves Philip Walton. She overhears Teddy Armstrong tell him how lucky he is to go to Japan and to have the fortune awaiting him on his return. The tail to the glittering kite is, he must marry Beth Russell, and the girl resents Philip's reply. Her father hopes Beth will carry out the conditions of the will, unless she does she may find herself homeless and penniless. Beth and her father go to Aunt Prue's. Beth confides the story to her aunt, she will go to New York Harbor and avoid the meeting. Her aunt advises her to remain and meet Philip Walton. If she prefers, write him a letter. In the meanwhile Mr. Russell is very sick. Philip Walton arrives in Boston. He receives a letter from Beth, absolving him from the compulsory marriage and asking him to confer the same favor. He is glad the proposition comes from her; he writes her he would not have her assume relations that would cause unhappiness; the money should go to her unconditionally. He will give himself the pleasure of seeing her and her father in a few days.

## CHAPTER III.

PHILIP had barely addressed and stamped his letter to Beth when there came a familiar signal upon his door—one strong knock followed by two fainter ones.

"Teddy!" eagerly exclaimed the young man as he sprang to admit his caller, and the next moment the old-time friends were gripping each other's hands until their joints cracked and looking deep into each other's eyes through what seemed very much like a mist of tears.

"Old boy! this is great, don't you know, to have you home again, though, Jove! I'd never have believed you are Phil but for the photographs you have sent me from time to time. Gad! from a strapping you have developed into a veritable giant!" and Theodore Armstrong ran an admiring, comprehensive glance over the splendidly developed, athletic figure of his friend.

"That's true enough, Ted; I was a puny, undersized youngster when I went away. I had never been very strong, you know, but I began to grow and take on flesh as soon as I landed on the other side, and—" with a light laugh—"I'm not sure that I have stopped yet. You're no dwarf either. I say, you're good to look at once more," he concluded laying an affectionate arm around his companion's shoulders.

"Come sit down," he added the next moment, as he wheeled a couple of chairs *vis-a-vis*, "and tell me all about yourself, that dainty little wife and wonderful boy of yours. I don't know as I have quite forgiven you, yet, for marrying lovely Muriel Chester. She was one of my early sweethearts, you thief."

"Guess I didn't get my work in any too soon. She wouldn't have looked at me, I'm afraid, after seeing you," retorted Ted, laughing, but flushing with pleasure at Philip's tribute to his wife. "She is lovelier than ever though if that will comfort you any," he went on with glowing eyes, "but as for me stealing a march on you, I knew you were already spoken for, and so thankfully appropriated the good the gods bestowed upon me."

"Oh, you don't need to apologize for winning your wife, Teddy boy, for in spite of the fact that all the boys hovered around Muriel in the old days like moths around a candle, it was only too evident that she had eyes, ears, and heart for but one," was Philip's smiling rejoinder. "I know you are happy without your telling me," he continued, "your face shows it. You are exactly suited to each other, and as you have both paid me the highest compliment possible by naming the boy for me, I'll not complain. I've a Japanese trifle in my trunk that will make the youngster crow with delight when he sees it."

Their conversation then drifted to other topics, and for two hours the old chums talked on, reviewing the years of their separation, exchanging confidences and experiences, and friendly gossip until the long gap had been bridged, when they were finally aroused from the fascinating past to the practical present and the demands of appetite by the chiming of twelve from the clock on the mantle.

"Who would have thought it," said Ted, glancing at his watch to make sure he had heard aright. "Come and lunch with me Phil, and we will continue the same subjects. I have an appointment for two which I can't postpone, or I would spend the rest of the day with you. I tell you it seems good to have you back, and I feel ten years younger this minute, in spite of the lapse of time and my family responsibilities."

"All right; I'll come, Ted. We'll prolong this happy meeting as long as possible, and hope for many more in the future," heartily responded Philip, springing to his feet to comply with his friend's invitation. Going to his desk he swept all letters into a drawer and locked it,—all except the one addressed to Beth which he wished to post on his way out. Then the two left the hotel together.

They proceeded to the club, and Ted ordered their luncheon served in a private dining-room where they resumed their interrupted conversation.

"Of course you know, Ted, why I have returned just at this time," Philip observed during their meal, "because—"

"Because you are spoken for as I said, and had to come on time I suppose," his friend smilingly interrupted, adding with a slight flush, "I hope you will pardon my reference to that unfortunate subject again,—perhaps I should not have mentioned it."

"That's all right, my boy, I always told you all my heart in the old days, and I've nothing to hide from you now," Philip cordially assured him. "Yes, the time stipulated in Miss Crawford's will will expire within a few months, and I came home with the intention of fulfilling my part of the contract if—"

"Then you really expected to marry Beth all these years," remarked Ted as his friend hesitated.

"Yes, I regarded the matter as irrevocably binding until this morning,"

"Until this morning!" repeated Ted in surprise.

"Yes, I found a letter from Beth at the hotel, and it looks now as if there will be a radical change in the program," Philip explained. "Beth says the thought of this marriage, simply to secure Miss Crawford's fortune, is repulsive to her, as she is sure it must be to me; and she proposes that we mutually absolve each other from the compulsory contract. Quicker isn't it, after all these years, with never a word from her before?" Theodore Armstrong here gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle of surprise, and then chuckled to himself with secret amusement. He was very sure he understood the situation if his friend did not.

"I do not quite comprehend it," Philip resumed, "because while I was in London I received some letters from Mr. Russell, most cordial letters, in which he assured me that they—meaning himself and Beth I assumed—were delighted with the prospect of my home-coming. He insisted that I must go directly to them to receive my first greetings, and referred to the wedding as a matter of course the details of which would be arranged on my arrival. Hence I was somewhat surprised, to say the least, on getting Beth's epistle this morning—here, read it for yourself," and the young man drew the letter from his pocket and laid it before his friend.

Armstrong read it in silence his face growing grave as he read.

"How do you feel about this, Phil?" he inquired when at length he returned the letter to his companion.

"I? Oh, of course, there is only one thing for me to do—grant her request," said Philip soberly.

"That isn't the question; how do you feel about it?" persisted Ted regarding him searchingly.

"Well, until now I've kicked like a steer against it, even though I felt that the union was obligatory in order to save this money for the Russell family."

"And for yourself," interrupted his friend. "It must amount to quite a pile by now, having been compounding interest all these years."

"I don't want the money," said Philip gloomily. "I have enough of my own. My father left me no mean fortune outside of his business, which is very profitable in which I still have the controlling interest, with a partner who is a fine manager, and we are making good money. I had intended—this is strictly between you and me—upon my marriage to Beth, to settle my share of Miss Crawford's money upon her, for I have never felt that I had any moral right to it under any circumstances."

"That is like you, Phil; you always were the noblest-hearted fellow in the world," said Armstrong with a thrill of admiration in his tones.

"I do not think there is any special merit in wishing Miss Crawford's money to go to her nearest of kin, where it rightfully belongs," Philip quietly responded.

"As matters stand now, Beth's future looks rather dubious, especially as Silas Russell has gone to smash," observed Ted, after a moment of silence.

"What!—you don't mean literally gone to smash," cried Philip aghast. "Beth refers to her father as having been unfortunate in business previous to his illness, but I did not dream of anything so serious as you imply."

"Well, it is true. He collapsed, financially and physically, about a month ago. The blow almost killed him. But he is going to pull through all right, and his sister, being well off, of course will never allow either her brother—Beth to suffer, Beth and Muriel are still close friends and correspond regularly, which accounts for my knowledge regarding their troubles. It is said that when Silas Russell's affairs are settled, he will come out about square; but at his age and with no capital to start up again, it goes without saying that he will never retrieve himself," Armstrong explained.

"And in the face of all this his daughter refuses to marry your humble servant and secure a competence for herself and capital for her father," said Philip musingly. Then looking up alertly he asked, "Is there anyone else?"

"Any one else? There are lots of them," re-

plied Ted with twinkling eyes. "That is, Miss Elizabeth Russell has been a prime favorite in society ever since her debut, and could take her pick from among a dozen rich young men whom I could name, but she has never shown the slightest partiality towards any one—holds 'em off at arm's length, and yet is good friends with them all."

"Beth a society belle!" exclaimed Philip with a quizzical uplifting of his shapely brows.

"Well rather," was the dry rejoinder, "and let me tell you she is perfectly stunning."

Philip laid down his knife and fork and stared blankly at his friend, while his thoughts went flying back ten years, recalling Beth as an awkward red-haired, freckle-faced little romp.

"Fact," said Ted with an emphatic nod. Then he laughed outright. "You can't believe it," he went on "and if you recall your rather vivid description of Beth as you and I stood together under the old beech-tree at the end of the Russell grounds the day before you sailed for Japan, it would seem rather incomprehensible to you."

Philip grew crimson to his temples at this reminder of that conversation. "I do recall it, Ted, and am ashamed of it," he gravely returned, "was ashamed of it, in fact, the moment I uttered it, but some one had been jollying me unmercifully that morning about Miss Crawford's will, and my impending long separation from my attractive bride-elect, and when it came up again between you and me, I lost my temper completely. I was really fond of Beth, in a way, in spite of her plainness and peculiarities, for I knew she was at heart, pure gold, and—"

"And she adored you. You were her hero, her ideal notwithstanding the fact that she regarded you now and then with a gust of temper," smilingly interposed his friend, as Philip paused.

"Yes, her tongue was keen as a buckthorn spike, though I got only my just deserts for I deliberately stirred her up at times just to hear her copious flow of language," Philip confessed half laughing, yet with a note of regret in his tone.

"There was an indescribable attraction about her in spite of all though that may sound strange to you after what I said, and I was deeply hurt that she let me go away without deigning to bid me farewell. Have you any idea why she acted so then, and has ignored me all these years? And now this letter strikes me as—as queer, to say the least."

Ted looked very thoughtful while he busied himself with his salad. After a moment he observed with some hesitation:

"Phil, I'm going to tell you a profound secret, which will explain why Lady Beth let you go in that way, even though I'm sure it almost broke her heart. I think it will also throw some light on the letter you received from her this morning. The child overheard every word of our conversation under the beech that morning."

Philip leaned back in his chair and regarded his companion with blank dismay.

"You don't mean it!" he gasped.

"Yes, she was up in the tree and she had been crying her heart out for something,—your going, I imagined,—for her eyes were red and swollen and her face as white as her apron, and she was staring after you with a frightened, horrified look, that told its own story. I had stopped

to tie my shoe, and when I started to follow you I looked up and caught sight of her face."

"Did she know that you saw her?"

"No, for it was all in the flash of an eye, and it was such a flasher for me that I made myself scarce as soon as possible without appearing to have seen anything. But I know she heard what we said, for she always froze whenever your name was mentioned afterward, would never talk of you, and flatly refused your picture when I offered it to her."

"Poor Lady Beth, I would not have wounded her so for the world," said Philip remorsefully. "It is no wonder she would not bid me good by or answer my letters, and if she thinks I still retain the mental picture of her that I so vividly described to you, it is no wonder she is 'sure' this marriage would be as repulsive to me as it is to her."

"I thought she put it pretty strongly, but I understand it better now," he reached for Beth's letter and referred to the passage he had quoted, his brow overcast, his face deeply flushed, his eyes troubled.

"You would find that mental picture transfigured if you could see her now," his friend observed. "She is greatly changed. She is certainly no 'freckle-faced fright with a pug nose' at this stage of the game."

"Spare me, Teddy, spare me," pleaded Philip flushing again. "I am in sackcloth and ashes over the remembrance of it. Why the girl must despise me absolutely for speaking of her like that behind her back. Well," moodily, "I shall absolve her, as she requests, though I vow, it is a burning shame that I cannot give her the fortune especially as her father is now so straightened."

"It is tough, that's a fact," Armstrong sympathetically observed, adding, "but don't worry over it, old boy. Perhaps it was unwise to tell you but I thought it might possibly throw light upon some things you did not understand, and help you to govern yourself accordingly when you two meet, as you are sure to do later."

Philip groaned in spirit and wondered how he could ever make his peace with Lady Beth, of whom, as he had said, he had recdly been fond in the old days. How disloyal and hypocritical she must have thought him as she listened to his hot-headed and slighting speech, his bitter resentment in view of having her forced upon him as a wife. Doubtless she had brooded over his rash words all the intervening years, fretting, perhaps, even more than he had done, over Miss Crawford's absurd and sentimental disposition of her property; and now, even in the face of impending poverty, she had deliberately withdrawn from the contract. All the money would be sacrificed, and he feared his old friendly relations with the family would never be reestablished.

"I find myself in an exceedingly uncomfortable

position," he observed at length. "You know Miss Crawford appointed my father and Leavitt, of the National Bank, trustees, providing that in the event of the death of either someone else was to be chosen to fill his place. When it was found that my father's case was hopeless, he wrote Leavitt, suggesting that I be appointed to take his place, stating that he felt I was competent to do so. So you perceive, under existing circumstances, it will soon become my duty to assist in the disbursement of this money among the heirs."

"I see, and I believe you would be almost tempted to sacrifice yourself and urge the fulfillment of the contract rather than lend yourself to such a measure," said Ted.

"I—I—don't know," responded Philip moodily.

Young Armstrong chuckled to himself and his genial eyes gleamed with amusement as he drily remarked, "I think you will know after you have seen Lady Beth. But come let us talk of something else. I'm getting remorseful over spoiling your first day at home like this."

After finishing his luncheon, and making another appointment to meet his friend in the evening, Philip returned to his hotel in no very comfortable frame of mind. However, after considering the matter in all its bearings, he resolved that he would go to New Hampshire to see Mr. Russell and Beth and talk the situation over with them in a frank and straightforward way. Having arrived at this conclusion, he immediately wrote a brief note to Mr. Russell telling him he would go to him two days later, on Friday, unless he heard from him meantime appointing some other date.

## CHAPTER IV.

Wednesday and Thursday Philip was very busy attending to business which needed his immediate care, while his evenings were spent with Armstrong, whose family were at their summer home at York Harbor; but Friday morning, about eleven o'clock, found him on his way to the North Station where he was to take his train for New Hampshire, and make his call upon the Russells.

As he stepped off the elevated and made his way to the stairs leading down to the station, he observed a lady, with a handsome suit case at her feet, standing on the sidewalk at the foot of the steps, in the act of tastefully an automobile veil over her hat. She wore a beautifully fitting tailor-made gown of blue cloth; her figure was trim and symmetrical her pose graceful, and even though her head was bent forward so that he could not see her face, he knew that she was young, and was sure she was lovely. Then something happened.

A few paces away, but creeping slowly upon her unawares, was a black-browed little Jew, ragged, dirty, repulsive, his greedy eyes fastened avariciously upon a dainty watch that was attached to the left side of the girl's coat with a beautiful pin. Another moment and he sprang forward and roughly snatched at the jewelry.

The girl, even though taken entirely by surprise was game, and, quick as a flash, caught

and grasped with strong and supple fingers the hand that would have robbed her. "Let go!" she commanded in clear, resolute tones, as she looked dauntlessly into the covetous eyes of her assailant.

He muttered a Yiddish oath and lifted his other hand as if to strike her. But before it could fall something clutched the back of the boy's neck with a powerful grip and, with a startled howl of mingled fright and pain, he released his hold of the watch, and, turning a pair of astonished eyes upon the tall form towering above him began to beg for mercy.

"You daring young highwayman, to try to rob a lady in broad daylight! What am I going to do with you, I wonder?" thundered Philip in tones that might well have appalled an older rogue. His youthful prisoner, however, when he found that he had not fallen into the grasp of a cop, as at first he had feared, quickly recovered his bravado and began to fight vigorously for his liberty, kicking and striking viciously at his captor while he swore lustily in his heathenish tongue. But Philip's grip was relentless, and he was on the point of beckoning to an officer, whom he had espied across the street, when the lady interposed.

"Oh, please let him go," she said in a musical voice that sent an unaccustomed thrill through the gentleman's nerves. "He has really done no harm. My watch is safe, and I do not want him arrested even though he may deserve it."

Philip looked his surprise at the request, at the same time involuntarily giving the boy's neck another squeeze which evoked a second howl of which rage was now the keynote.

"Please!" persisted the girl and emphasized her plea by laying a prettily gloved hand upon the tense muscles of the gentleman's arm.

He flushed at her touch, held her beautiful eyes a moment with an intense look that sent the rich color in a flood to her own cheeks, then smiled acquiescence.

"Certainly, I will let him go if you wish," he courteously replied, and instantly released his hold upon the boy, who lost no time taking to his heels, and rounding a convenient corner was soon out of sight. The ludicrous figure that he made in his anxiety to escape the officer, whom he also had seen, evoked from the lad a rippling and infectious laugh of amusement in which Philip heartily joined.

"There goes a sprinter who is liable to make his mark in the athletic world if he doesn't get into jail first," he observed, turning to his companion, adding, while his appreciative glance swept her glowing face and graceful figure, "I hope he has done no harm to the watch nor torn your coat."

"I am sure he has not. The cloth is strong and the watch still ticking," she assured him after a quick examination of both; "but," glancing at the delicate tan glove that covered her right hand, "he was so dirty I cannot bear to think I have touched him."

"He was indeed. I am sure it would require a series of Turkish baths to make him really clean," Philip returned. "And now," glancing at the suit case on the sidewalk beside her, "may I assist you in any other way?"

"Thank you; and that reminds me that I have been very remiss in acknowledging your kindness in delivering me from the hand of the Philistine," said the girl with a brilliant smile that set her companion's heart fluttering again. "I am expecting some friends every moment," she explained. "I was to meet them here at the foot of the stairs,—ah, there they come now!" she concluded as a handsome Mercedes, containing two ladies and a chauffeur, dashed into sight and then slowed down by the sidewalk close to them.

"Oh, dearie, you are here already. I hope we have not kept you waiting long," vivaciously cried the younger of the ladies. "We got into the midst of a tie-up in Adams Square or we would have been here earlier. Dixon, help the lady in; then take the suit case on the front seat with you."

The chauffeur sprang to obey, took possession of the case, swung open the door of the car and, with another "Thank you, very much," accompanied by a smiling look and nod of farewell to Philip, the girl stepped within and the next moment, in the midst of greeting her friends, the car was gone, leaving her recent companion gazing yearningly after her, the hat he had removed, when returning her parting salutation, still in his hand.

Who was she?—this bewitching little sprite who had slipped across his path like a burst of sunshine and then vanished, leaving no clue to her identity. Her going left him with a sense of loss and depression. He suddenly wished he did not have to go to New Hampshire to meet his old friends. His enthusiasm was gone, and he shrank from the approaching interview particularly with Beth, with a feeling of intense repulsion. Arousing himself after a minute, he passed into the station, hurrying a little, as a glance at the clock told him it was nearly time for his train to leave, purchased his ticket, and straightway boarded a car.

When well out of the gloomy station he settled himself to read his morning paper, but found little in it to interest him. His thoughts constantly reverted to the recent episode. The bright, piquant face of the girl crowned with lustrous hair, with the laughing eyes so deeply blue, the delicate, sensitive lips, scarlet as partridge berries, glanced back at him from every column. Her sweetly modulated tones, her little bursts of rippling laughter, still haunted his ears and set his pulses leaping as when she laid her hand upon his arm in her appeal to him to release the little Jew.

She was the sweetest girl he had ever seen, he secretly owned to himself, a deep flush creeping up over his handsome face, his eyes glowing with some unaccustomed inward emotion. Should he ever see her again? He had longed to ascertain her name but had felt it would be unpardonably presumptuous to ask it, now he was almost sorry he had not forced the situation by introducing himself. Who were her friends—those two quietly aristocratic ladies? Evidently they belonged to the wealthy class of cultured, conservative old Boston, as their bearing, rich attire, and expensive car indicated. Well, he would find out when he returned from his errand, if diligent inquiry would avail anything. And now with a sense of secret exultation he realized that Beth had absolved him from all allegiance to her, and had begged for her own freedom, expressing aversion to an enforced marriage; he was therefore free to follow wherever fate might seem to lead him. As for Mr. Russell and his unfortunate financial plight, he would arrange some way to set him on his feet again and give him another chance to climb Fortune's ladder.

He reached his destination late in the afternoon, sought the nearest hotel where he got rid of the dust of travel, and made some change in his apparel; then took a carriage and was driven directly to Miss Prudence Russell's thrifty farm, which was located on the outskirts of the charming mountain village which, of late years, had become a popular summer resort.

When he arrived Mr. and Miss Russell were seated upon the broad, cozy furnished piazza, the only modern innovation which the present owner had ever permitted to change or embellish her childhood's home. Philip found Mr. Russell sadly changed by his illness, from the alert, handsome man of ten years ago, though the warmth of his greeting assured him that the same genial, generous heart beat in his bosom; but his voice grew suspiciously tremulous when he remarked to Philip that he should never have recognized the strapping of a decade previous in the bronzed, broad-shouldered man of today. Miss Prue's gentle heart warmed towards him instantly, and she betrayed it as she graciously

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



# IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Christmas is Coming

WITH the shortening days of golden October we commence the last quarter of the year and though it is still three months to Christmas, time speeds so rapidly, the holidays are very apt to overtake us unawares and also unprepared unless we plan sufficiently ahead.

One's ability to give need not necessarily be regulated entirely by the size of one's purse and frequently is not. For how true it is that often those with the largest hearts are poor, and so many of the gifts of those who can spend liberally have little besides a mercenary value.

COMFORT does not cater much to this class but rather to the large band of generous souls who must make the most of limited means.

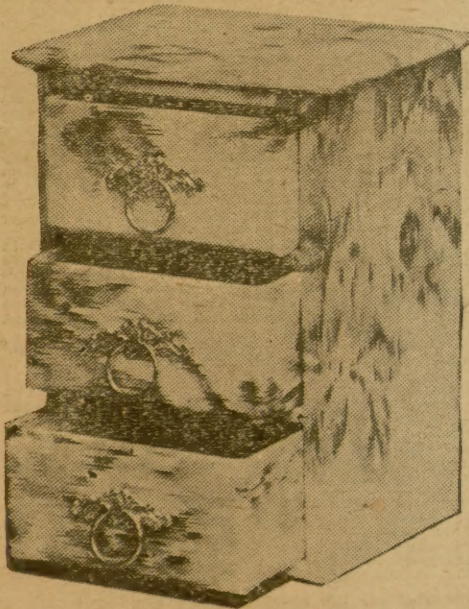
With the idea of helping these to plan and make attractive and useful things of inexpensive material the articles on this page have been prepared.

If one has a large circle of friends and relatives to remember, it will be an economy of time to do the big things, those involving the most work, first. When these are finished and out of the way, odd moments and material may be worked up into the smaller things.

If care and neatness characterize whatever is undertaken the results will surely be gratifying.

## A Chest of Drawers

The person who can use a jackknife as well as a needle, can easily construct a deep cigar box set of drawers which will be a useful



A CHEST OF DRAWERS.

and ornamental addition to any bureau or work table.

The cover can be cut into pieces which can be used to divide the box into three parts, when glued into place. Small boxes for drawers can be procured at a dry goods store or made, but in either case care should be taken to have them fit nicely before the covering is attempted.

For this one can use any suitable material, not too bulky. If it has to be purchased, however, cretonne or satin will be found most satisfactory.

Cut strips for the sides first leaving ample margins which are turned over the edges and glued into place. Next put narrow pieces over the front, top, bottom and two partitions between the drawers. Then finish the bottom and back with paper, pasted down. For the top cut a piece of pasteboard, a quarter inch larger all around, pad slightly, cover smoothly and glue into place putting it under a weight until dry.

The boxes which form the drawers can be neatly covered with one strip, cut long enough to go around and wide enough to cover the top and bottom edges well.

Finish the front of each drawer with small brass rings as shown and the bottom and inside of each with paper.

## Work Boxes

In most every family there is someone who would welcome and appreciate something of this kind for a Christmas gift. Perhaps the baby of the family, who has never owned one, and is just becoming interested in needlework, or maybe some older member who has done so much of it, her basket has seen its best days.

To make both the square and round one here illustrated pasteboard forms the foundation, and light cretonne the covering. No material is better suited for this purpose, as it comes in attractive patterns of all colors, is most serviceable and does not easily become soiled.

To make a round work box one will need two circles of pasteboard each six inches in diameter and a strip three and one half inches wide by twenty-one inches long. One half yard of cretonne, a third yard of cambric and



ROUND WORK BOX.

one yard of silk cord or ribbon for drawing up. Lay one of the pasteboard circles on a piece of the cretonne and on the wrong side draw all around it with pencil, then cut the cretonne one half inch larger than the circle drawn.

To this sew all around on the pencil mark a strip of cretonne ten and one half inches in width and the required length after which seam up the side, turn down an inch and a half at top and run two rows of stitching to form the running.

This makes a bag with a circular bottom, fit in one of the pasteboards and with a little glue stick the raw edges down, to hold in place. Now cover the strip of pasteboard on one side with the cambric, turn over the top edge and glue down. The other edge which should be about an inch wider than the pasteboard can be tacked in place with strong thread. Fit this strip into the bag, putting the uncovered side towards the cretonne and making the circle just as large as possible, hold in place, take out and sew firmly into position, then fit again into place and catch here and there with a stitch to the bag to hold it down. Flatten out the raw edge on the bottom of the inside and glue down.

Cover both sides of the other circle with the cambric, padding one side a little with cotton and sprinkling with sachet powder. Overcast the edges, fit into the bottom and your bag which will be neat in appearance both inside and out, is finished.

If one wants to give a little more elaborate present of this sort a box could be fitted up similar to the square work box with such necessary articles as pins, needles, emery, darning egg, stiletto, scissors, etc.

To make a square work box, as it is hard to get pasteboard of just the right stiffness,—as the corners have to be cut only half way through,—it will be better to use a pasteboard box for the foundation.

Cover the sides of this with cretonne, gluing all edges neatly and securely in place. Then on the center of one side place a narrow fold, catching it into four partitions with French knots, as this will be handy to stick many small articles into. To the second side add heart-shaped leaves of white flannel, tied in place with ribbon, for needles, to the third glue a small cushion covered with the same material and on the front might be worked out a monogram in fancy headed pins.

Cover the bottom with a square of good paper and finish the inside of the box in the same way. While this is drying the bag can be made. For it will be needed a square of pasteboard which will fit into the box snugly. Pad one side of this and cover with cretonne turning the edges under and gluing down. Now seam up a piece of cretonne, long enough to reach around the four sides of the box and twelve inches wide. Seam up the side to within six inches of the top, double the bag togeth-



SQUARE WORK BOX.

er and on the opposite side cut a slit six inches long. Hem these edges, then turn down two-inch hems across both sides and run in stitching as usual for the drawing strings.

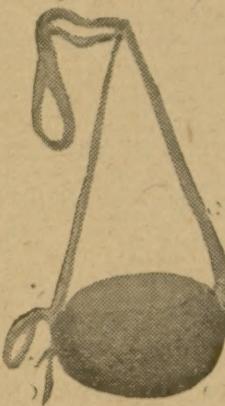
Now place the seam so it will come in the center of one of the sides of the pasteboard square, already covered, turn under about an inch of cretonne and glue down, let this thoroughly dry, then cover the whole inside bottom of the box with glue, press the bag into place, tying it into the corners of the box with silk. This can be done from the inside and then the ends cut close.

## Gourd Pin Cushion

Gourds are very easily grown and they can be utilized for making many attractive little articles such as hair receivers, bon-bon boxes, pin cushions, etc.

The egg gourds are perhaps best suited for the last named article. Cut an oval piece out of the side, when the gourd is green, and then with an awl or small-bladed knife make a hole in each end just a little below the opening.

Paint outside any color desired with tube paints and sprinkle over with diamond dust, or gold or green flitters. Let dry and then tie baby ribbon in either end, through the holes, to hang up by. Make an oblong cushion of scraps of silk or anything you desire, fill with wool, push down in opening in gourd and you have a very dainty little article for a Christmas gift.



GOURD PIN CUSHION.

## Hair Receiver

The dipper or sugar trough gourd is best for making one of these. Cut off the top and then punch small holes around, to this sew a top of silk or silkaline, turning in the top three quarters of an inch for a heading, below which make running for ribbon.

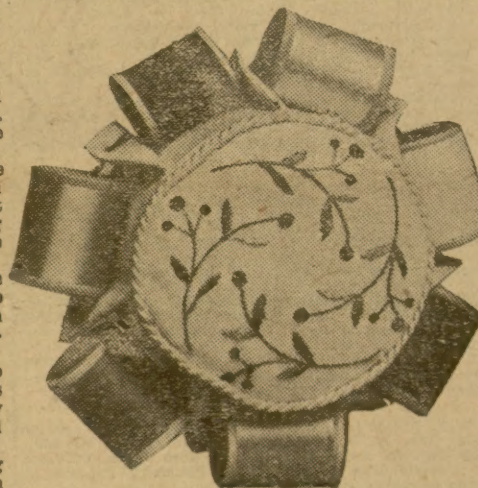
Either paint or gild the gourd when dried. From the ideas given any ingenious woman can employ the varied common-shaped gourds as the base of numberless pretty little things, which can serve as little remembrances. ELVA.

## A Spool Rack

This little rack is unique and certainly would please anyone who likes to have a place for everything and everything in its place. It also is a worthy example of how the most ordinary materials may be worked up into little gifts which anyone would be pleased to possess.

To make this a powder box, few scraps of linen and embroidery silk is all that was required, excepting the spools, of course.

If one has not such a box, one of the reels upon which ribbon comes rolled would answer, or a base could be made of pasteboard. As shown, the top was embroidered with little red berries and green leaves which gave it a decidedly Christmas look. A cord of twisted silkaline finished the top, but the sides were covered in such a novel way an explanation will be necessary. To do this, first divide your circle into a certain number of parts, that is, decide how many spools you can place around it; if, for instance, it is seven, see how much one seventh of your circle measures so each part will be equal, then cut pieces twice



A SPOOL RACK.

this length and a little more than the necessary depth.

Now fold one piece so the top and bottom come together, then once again, now cut points on the sides leaving the space required top and bottom. This will give a piece shaped like diagram, though the size may vary. Join these pieces all together by sewing two and two joints from A to B, then turn inside out and make one eyelet hole in each point.

When this band is finished sew it neatly into place before putting on the finishing cord around the top. Place spools of silk or cotton between the loops, running baby ribbon through them and the eyelet holes, to hold in place.

DIAGRAM FOR SPOOL RACK.

ing cord around the top. Place spools of silk or cotton between the loops, running baby ribbon through them and the eyelet holes, to hold in place.

## Novelties for Christmas

A girl who lives upon a lonely ranch and who has very little spending money, made a box of pretty things with very little outlay.

Cute little match scratchers were cut out of pasteboard and decorated with pen and ink, the backs being covered with sand paper.

Others were larger, one about four by nine inches, had on it the picture of a tiny baby, the little face peeping over the shoulder seemed to just express these words written beneath, "I wish you would scratch my back."

Another had the picture of five little kittens on a log and below, "We could scratch you."

While still another has a handsome pussy with one paw raised in a threatening attitude which suggested these words, "I'll scratch you," and a cute chick just out of a broken



A MATCH SCRATCHER.

shell, accompanied the inscription, "I haven't scratched yet." If one is nothing of an artist numerous such pictures, like the little dog's head, can be cut from magazines and these, together with a little ink, crayon and gold paint, will make up very prettily.

## Home-made Handkerchiefs

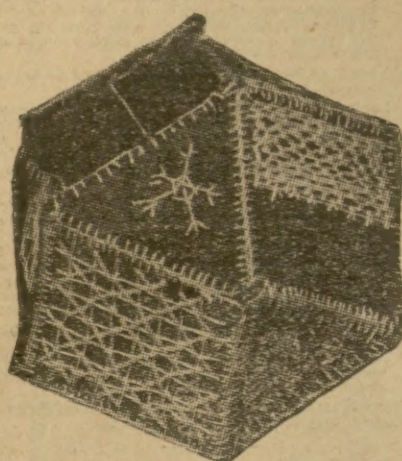
Twelve inches of linen thirty-six inches wide will cut into three squares, when hemstitched with perhaps a bit of embroidery in one corner will give you three nice handkerchiefs. Your twelve inches of linen at one dollar a yard will cost about eleven and one third cents each. Be sure your linen is cut straight, otherwise you may reduce the amount in evening, and cut into squares by drawing threads first by which to cut.

## Book for Tried Recipes

A dainty book made at home containing six or more pages of your own tried recipes will please a friend. Take a good quality of writing paper, cut to whatever size you prefer, making the outside of heavy colored or white paper and tie at back with ribbon or cord bows. A few appropriate lines on the cover is a pretty finish.

## Trinket Box

Materials required: Stiff cardboard, silk, velvet or worsted cloth, embroidery silk or crochet cotton. First cut two patterns, one square two and one half inches, one triangle two and one half inches on each side. Cut six



TRINKET BOX.

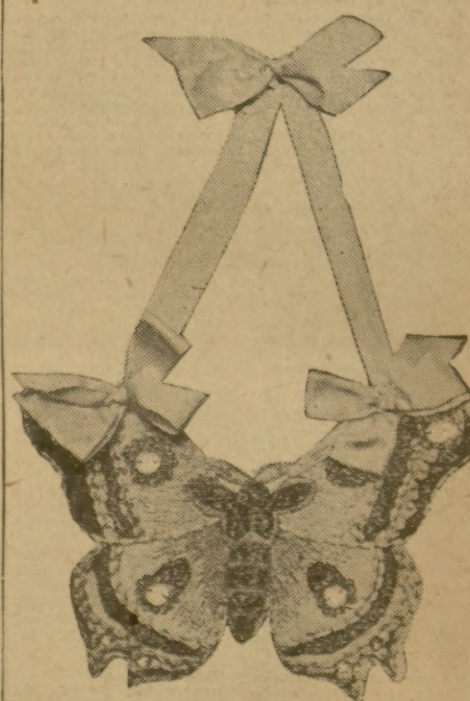
squares of cardboard one fourth inch larger so as to turn all sides, baste in place and button-hole all around with embroidery silk or crochet cotton, work any fancy stitches with same on each, leaving one square plain for the bottom. When all are worked line each piece with thin material such as silesia or cambric. Sew four diagonals on the bottom, overcast between buttonhole stitches. Then four squares and four diagonals. Sew cover in place along one side. C. L. HOYT.

## Whisk Broom Holder

An unusually pretty holder is here illustrated, and though it looks intricate the idea can easily be carried out, and without much work either, considering the effect obtained.

Pasteboard is necessary for the foundation. Cut it out in the form of a butterfly with the upper spread of the wings eight inches and the lower six and one-half inches while the body measures three and one-half inches in length by two and one-half inches across the head.

A piece of white velvet, saten or linen can be used to decorate. First draw the outline of



WHISK BROOM HOLDER.

your butterfly on this, then on the upper wings, paint two, one-third-inch, dark grey bands separated by yellow, the lower wings just edge with grey, then a broad yellow band followed by grey. These are outlined with grey blue rope silk, excepting where the grey and yellow meet, there black is used.

The rest of the butterfly is tinted a pale blue, excepting the body which is yellow, outlined with yellow silk and embroidered bands of black. The head is grey, worked out with black silk and outlined with orange and having two yellow beads for eyes. Either side of the body four shades of blue silk is worked in heavily and the beauty spots are four large, blue, glass beads, but, if these cannot be obtained, circular groups of vivid blue French knots would answer almost as well.

When the front is finished, cover a second butterfly, cut from light cardboard. With the lining material affix to this an inch-wide covered band, about in the center, to hold the broom, then overcast the edge of the two together and finish as shown with ribbon for hanging.





## Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing a particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**T**HE editor who can even occasionally please everyone, I fear, is yet to be found. My task here can readily be compared to that of the good housewife who prepares a feast for a large number of people. In spite of every effort and unusual planning it is only natural that some dishes appeal to one guest, which another will pass untouched.

So it is here, subjects which interest some deeply will displease others; it can hardly be otherwise, considering the size of this band and the fact that each has the privilege of expressing her views freely, which is the only fair rule.

As you all know there has been some little discussion the past few months, among the letter writers, as to women's rights, so now come letters from those who do not espouse this cause or if in sympathy with it, feel as Mrs. Lee expresses herself:

**DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:**

I feel it a duty to make a protest against using our corner for political discussion, as there are periodicals devoted to this, and I think most of the sisters will agree with me in this.

What we need, is home advice or pleasing incidents to relate, cheerful, helpful letters, and not a lament for something that would do us more harm than good if we had it. I cannot understand how any wife and mother can care about taking a man's place at the polls. If they were called on to do overalls and jumper, and take up the pick and shovel, they would.

**YOUR MOVE NEXT, and it must be a quick one, if you find a buff subscription blank wrapped in this paper.**

might cry then to vote, but as it is we have our husbands, fathers or brothers to work for us, so why leave the ruling of the nation to those who do the making. A woman should be queen of her home, have a standing in church and societies, and all places fitted for skirts, but if they clamor for men's places, let them have the full benefit of man's life by doing manual labor.

Now don't think I object to women earning their own living. When this is necessary they should, of course, have the opportunity. I have stood behind the counter but it did not make me long to be independent always, or to take part in political affairs.

Mrs. Chester voiced my sentiments better than I can. Women make themselves ridiculous and conspicuous in their clamor for the ballot and if it were awarded it is my opinion, the majority would soon tire of and neglect to use the privilege.

Our place is in the home and in it our interests should center, so I say don't spoil these delightful columns by bringing in this distasteful subject.

Trusting this will meet with the approval of the majority I am yours for women's rights, the right to be protected, respected and admired.

MRS. ALMA LEE, Lobo, Texas.

As these columns are for the friendly discussion of the pros and cons of all questions, no subject of general interest can be tabooed for we want each guest at COMFORT's board to find something to their liking. Again I invite all to be equally outspoken and give me a hearty shower of what you want or don't want. Also please be as tolerant as you are kindly and helpful, always remembering that it is not—"how right we are but how upright."

Our next letter from one of our newer members is full of good thoughts, which cannot fail to prove helpful, although many will probably not agree with the writer's view point, though her former letter, which appeared last December called forth many inquiries and aroused much interest.

**DEAR INVALIDS, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:**

Having received several letters telling me of help derived from my first letter, I will try to give a few more thoughts for reflection to the souls who are thirsting for the "Water of Life," and whose hearts are starving for a few crumbs of comfort. Not only those in needy circumstances, but many who possess much in worldly goods, are starving for "Brotherly" love to be extended to them.

Some of the writers think I am a "Christian Scientist," others ask my church denomination. For the reason that religion in the churches is taught according to the rules of the college the preacher attended, and not finding in man-made creeds anything to satisfy my intense longing to follow in the footsteps of the Great Master, I am non-sectarian. But, that I am a disciple of the teacher who said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," is proved.

To be a church member is one thing; to be a Christian, a Christ follower, doing the works that Jesus did, as he said his followers should do, and as He commanded them to do, is another thing. "The works that I do, ye shall do also." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, heal the sick and cast out devils." And as ye go preach, saying, "the kingdom of Heaven is come nigh unto thee."

The majority of people are not progressing in the spiritual life, for the reason—they have the impression that in order to be a Christian one must give up all the pleasures in life. Let me tell you, dear one, if you have a strong desire to live on a higher plane of existence, begin at once to associate with the people working along the lines you wish to follow; read the right sort of literature, meditate often in silence upon what you read; and you will soon be surprised to find how you have been drawn away from the old ways of thinking and living, no longer caring for

the things, amusements or companions that formerly engrossed your attention. "Old things shall pass away, and all things become new." Sin is ignorance, ignorance is darkness, darkness is want of light—want of knowledge or consciousness of the spirit that will guard and guide you in all things, if you will "believe" and "trust" it. "I am the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." "There shall be showers of blessings."

All God asks of His children, is a willingness to do His way. And when the word of God is expounded so plainly, "That all who run may read," even he who cannot read will be able to understand and put into practice, that which he has heard. It is "By hearing the word the spirit cometh."

At present many people are in reduced circumstances because they are sick; others are sick because of their poverty; and are adding to both, unwittingly, by whining and complaining that they are poor and always expecting to be poor. If anyone is getting what he is expecting, he ought not complain. Why not expect better things?

How can I?  
By learning how to direct your thoughts properly. "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick." Every thought beareth fruit after its kind. "Possess thy soul in patience." In a nutshell, we are to put into practice the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

"Let the lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave. Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, you may rescue, you may save."

"Let your light so shine before me, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven."

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." "My words are spirit, and they shall give life; they shall not return unto me void, they shall accomplish that which I send them." So you see at once how essential it is that we should be careful of the character of our thoughts; that we send not only good, strong, encouraging thoughts; especially to those considered weak and sickly, or having no mind of their own.

Bear in mind that the more you give out, the more you receive. The supply is limitless; God being the source of all things. "Freely ye have received, freely give." is to give of your knowledge and good thoughts, as well as to give material things. "Help ye one another." "Be ye helpful one to another." This is brotherly love. "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."

"Man know thyself." "The Great Physician is within you."

A word more, to thank the friends who sent me papers and post cards; especially the New Jersey friend. A very pleasing atmosphere came with your "little faithful friends."

I must ask all who wish a few lines from me, please do not forget to inclose a stamp. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee." Words of encouragement to press onward and upward with your eye on the goal and, "Rich rewards shall be thine."

My love to you all.

MRS. DORA A. WETTERBERG, 40 Sullivan St., Charlestown, Mass.

A patient, helpless invalid contributes the following sensible views on cultivating selfishness in children:

The mother who in the fullness of generous love runs hither and thither continually to do for the various members of the family those things which they should do for themselves, comes to be regarded, after a time, as a convenience merely to minister to their individual needs, and does not receive one whit more of reverence and love, but rather the reverse.

Such a mother who sacrifices herself, necessarily has far more than her share of labor, care and anxiety. She is continually occupied and her work is seemingly endless.

It has been truly said by the author of an excellent work on education, that "Unselfish mothers make selfish children." This may seem startling, but the truth is, that the mother who is constantly giving up her time, strength and money for the gratification of her children or husband teaches them to expect it and gradually they learn that they are entitled to it. If the mother wears an old dress that her daughter may have a new one, if she works that her daughter may play, she is helping to make her vain and selfish and in return she will not receive love and devotion, but ungratefulness and disrespect. By and by the mother, worn out in body and spent, weary with the load she has put on to her sorrow she has no one to lean on, and in some cases, the days of her usefulness passed, she is ever in the way.

Such mothers are not unusual, and I want to sound a word of warning. While there is yet time let the mother be just to herself. Children should early be taught the dignity of labor, and the privilege of being allowed to help. As they grow older new duties and responsibilities can be assumed, thus giving the mother time to keep up, if not in advance, of their mental growth, and instead of being a drudge or slave she can fill her rightful place of intellectual and spiritual guide, friend and counselor. Such a mother grows up around her, their pleasures include her presence.

Hoping these few words of advice may help some one to see more plainly, and lighten their burdens I remain another of the large shut-in band.

MRS. MAUDE LINDSAY, Afton, Okla.

Will Katie Lupton, formerly of Cincinnati please write Mrs. R. L. Davis, Brookville, R. D. 4, Ind., and Mrs. R. Templeton, 417 W. 48th Place, Chicago, Ill., would like to meet Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons or other COMFORT readers of Chicago.

A young mother makes these good suggestions:

**DEAR SISTERS:**

In making little ones slaps and night gowns if the simple Bishop style is used with a ribbon run at the neck instead of bands you never have the trouble of making it larger as you can always draw just to fit.

When putting up wash curtains and have no poles try running wire through top and winding around back of small nail and they will never sag as they do when a string is used.

I am an enthusiastic COMFORT reader and you may be sure would be glad to hear from any who would care to write to a switchman's wife.

MRS. JAMES BEATTIE, 1211 11th St., Superior, Wis.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

Long have I been a reader of this sisterly corner. I remember when it first started, but how it has increased till now we find letters from ocean to ocean. I have often wanted to write but felt I had nothing of special interest to say until now. How many of us, without hardly realizing it, have gradually grown careless of our looks, when we really should, as we grow older and lose the charm of youth be more particular.

With a little thought we can manage to look neat and yet always be suitably dressed for the work at hand. I have large aprons which completely cover waists and skirts. These I can easily slip off at a moment's notice and in this way I am always presentable. My sleeves are short and I wear low flat caps, one can do so much better when the neck is free. House dresses I do not consider an extravagance. Print wrappers will do if they are only clean but how many women do their work in any old thing. Here is a chance to reform and we owe it to ourselves and our family to do so.

Time speeds away so quickly Christmas will be here before we know it, so we should plan accordingly. I give mostly white neckties and handkerchiefs, which I make, trimmed with lace; these are sure to be acceptable.

I wish I could do something for all the sufferers and especially do I want to as the holidays draw near, but my purse like many another's, is light so with me it has to be "the will for the deed."

MRS. A. M. BEDDELL, Ransome, Pa.

Our hearts all go out in sympathy to the band of shut-ins, and every reader seems to appreciate all that COMFORT is doing for them, but I wonder how many of you have ever thought how much you could individually help the work along, if each would only send COMFORT one year, to some sufferer who cannot afford to take it. This would be one of the best of Christmas presents, something which would bring cheer and happiness to each member of a family, not once, but twelve times during the year and the small sum required would hardly be missed by any one, and surely could not be spent to better advantage.

As the question naturally arises, who has COMFORT and who has not, all those desiring to give a subscription in this way can send it direct to Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and invalids unable to subscribe personally may likewise drop me a line. In this way the matter can be adjusted and the subscriptions credited to the wheel-chair funds.

Now here is a chance to help in a practical way. Who will be the first to embrace it? Write at once, as one year's subscription beginning with Jan. and also Nov. and Dec. COMFORT will be sent in addition, according to date of subscription received.

Mary Flodin sends this in response to Mrs. Hetrick's request: Dissolve in different tumblers half filled with warm water, one half ounce of sulphate of iron, copper, zinc, soda, alumina, magnesia and potash. When all are thoroughly dissolved join together into a large evaporating dish of china and stir with a glass tube or small, perfectly clean bottle. Set away where it will be free from dust and undisturbed in a warm place. When due evaporation has taken place the whole will begin to shoot up into crystals, as they grow assuming weird and wonderful forms. Try this.

Mrs. Hetrick, I think you will be pleased.

For the benefit of others will add that my mother has been taking for gopher six drops of iodine daily, with good results.

Will the sister who sent the tar cure remedy for tuberculosis to the Sisters' Corner several months ago, please write to me? I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. J. HAMMERLY, Box 537, Greeley, Colo.

Mrs. Molly Beebe. Will you kindly send your address to Miss Mollie E. Beebe, Box 153, Bethany, Mo. Your letter appeared in June COMFORT but letters sent to the address given were returned as it was evidently not correct. This is something which all writers should be more particular about, names and addresses cannot be given too plainly. A little more care taken in this particular would insure the prompt receipt of mail and save editors considerable trouble.

Mrs. R. E. Magers, Baldwin, R. D. 4, Miss. a flower lover, asks sisters living near by to favor her with slips of house plants, begonias, or anything pretty.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

Many thanks for all the beautiful letters and the personal help they have been to me. I am not going to all of my troubles for hope I have left them all behind. I did not get one of the good Johns, so after many futile attempts to reform, left him. Please do not judge me too hastily or harshly, for if anyone was ever justified in taking this step I was. I made my first mistake at sixteen in marrying too young, for nine long years I tried to make something

**IT'S UP TO YOU to take notice if you find a buff subscription blank wrapped in this paper. It means renew your subscription or we drop you from our subscription list.**

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**LEAGUE RULES:**

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

**CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE**

WELL, here we are once again, in the same old corner. My ample lap is ready to hold you, my arms are ready to enfold you, and my jaw is ready to wag, and provide you with the usual dose of cheerful chin music. This is the Harvest month, and so I'm going to make a few remarks which I trust will be appropriate and fit the occasion. The bountiful harvest which we have now gathered in was sown in the spring, sown in the youth of the year, and now that fall is here, we are reaping the results of our labor. Now, boys and girls, you are in the springtime of life, you are sowing the seeds of a crop, the harvest of which is to come in later years. Your harvest is not yet here. Sow all the good deeds you can, for Nature's one great inflexible law, a law fixed by the God of the harvest—the Creator on whom we depend for our daily bread—is, in that whatever we sow, that we shall reap. If you sow tares, you will reap tares; if you sow sin, you will reap the fruits of sin, misery, sorrow, suffering and death. You

**SHORT STORIES, PUZZLES, GAMES AND lots of other things of special interest in Anniversary Souvenir COMFORT for November.**

can't sow weeds and reap roses. You can't sow thorns and gather grapes. You can't put one thing in the earth and get a different thing back. Nature doesn't work that way. One thing Nature always does, she not only gives you back what you sow, but more than you sow for that is the law of the harvest. It is the same way with misdeeds; acquire one bad habit, and it will lead to twenty before you know it. Notice another thing, boys and girls, the seed lies in the ground for many a long day before the tiny green sprouts begin to appear, but eventually they do appear and they grow and grow, slowly but surely, until they have obtained their maturity. Now lots of you sow bad habits—sow the seeds of crime and disease for months, even years. The world wags along gaily for you, and you think you have escaped the effects of your misdeeds. The germ of retribution however has been working slowly but persistently all through the years and finally the effects begin to appear. The law of compensation is at work. You have sown the wind, you are reaping the whirlwind. No man can escape the consequences of his sins. He may escape the iron hand of the law, but God will not allow him to escape the rackings of a tortured conscience. If you sow vices you reap disease and depravity, even in this life, often sooner. Boys and girls sow well. Sow noble acts, sow deeds of love and kindness, and you will reap a harvest of joy and happiness and the peace that passeth all understanding which only a clear conscience and the satisfaction which comes from living right, and doing right can give. Now that the harvest is gathered in stop and think what your harvest is to be. Is it to be a plentiful one, one you can rejoice over or a harvest of thorns bringing nothing but sorrow and remorse? Let every harvest whisper its lesson to you, for sooner or later the Reaper will come to reap the harvest of your life, and God grant that that harvest may be a bountiful one, and that you may await the coming of that "reaper" whose name is death without fear or dread, and that you may go to the great Harvest Home above, and meet face to face the King of the Harvest, and hear Him say: "Thou hast sown in tears, thou shalt reap in joy."

Now for some thrilling news. A great event has recently happened in this vicinity, not only a great event, but a thrilling event. A new lyrical and musical baby has been born into the world, and its name is Uncle Charlie's Song Book, the musical brother to Uncle Charlie's Poems. The new baby is a lusty infant, fifteen inches tall, and eleven inches wide, and weighs half a pound. It contains twenty-eight songs, and you can just bet your life they are the real goods. Most song folios contain one good song, and the rest dope. You have to wade through a mile of slush before you strike the only one worth while. In this book every song is guaranteed. There is no dead wood, no slush. Every song begins to sing from the first note. There are patriotic songs, love songs, con songs, novelty songs and story ballads, twenty-eight in all, with complete music for voice and piano. The songs are printed on the best of paper, and the cover is designed by the famous R. F. Outcault, creator of Buster Brown, vice president of the C. L. O. C., and the highest priced and most renowned comic cartoonist in the world. On the front page are four large pictures, elegant, artistic half-tone cuts of Uncle Charlie before he became a shut-in. In one we see him as a matinee idol, in another as a choir singer, and again as an officer in a military drama, a dashing young soldier, and another shows him as the frock-coated, cigarette-smoking, stage villain. The cover is of thick, highly glazed paper, a yellowish buff, the half-tone cuts, which are as good as photographs being in red. The whole get-up of the book is high-class and artistic. Uncle Charlie would positively never allow his name to appear on anything cheap or tawdry. This book contains five dollars' worth of music, and the best part of it is, you can obtain it for getting only two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents per year. The book would be a generous reward for getting up a club of six or eight, but Mr. Gannett is anxious for you all to have a copy of it, and has made the club rate so low that there is not a single reader of COMFORT who cannot secure it. One thing is certain, after you get this book in your hand if it were impossible to get another copy, you would not part with it for a five dollar bill. You who have any musical friends who are not subscribers to COMFORT let them know how they may obtain this book. Even if you can't sing, the pictured cover and the song words will amply compensate you for your trouble. Among the songs you will find "Broke Again," which contains nine screamingly funny verses, in which Uncle Charlie tells the story of his life. Each verse tells his experience in a different line of business, in all of which he goes broke. You can make the hit of your life singing this song at local entertainments.

Remember the song book does not conflict at all with the book of poems. One is meant to supplement the other. Uncle Charlie's Poems is of course an entirely different proposition, being a superb silk cloth-bound book of one hundred and sixty pages, costing nearly twice as much to produce as the song book. It contains a biographical sketch in which is told the story of Uncle Charlie's life together with scores of screamingly funny poems, and half-tone pictures of the author dictating to Maria. You who already have the poems should obtain the song book, and you who get the song book should work for the book of poems, which can be obtained for four one year subscriptions to COMFORT. Better still, both the

song book and book of poems can be obtained for a club of six one year subs. at twenty-five cents. Christmas is not far off, get up your club now and obtain these two princely books, they make ideal, classy gifts. The book of poems only will be autographed by the author. The song book is described in greater detail in another section of this issue. Here is your chance to increase the COMFORT family and obtain the biggest and most attractive premium offer ever made. Get busy today—don't lose a moment. Remember all of you it costs thirty cents to join the League. For the extra five cents over and above the yearly subscription to COMFORT which costs a quarter you get our handsome League button and certificate of membership, and a printed list of cousins desiring correspondence. I shall esteem it a personal favor, if all of COMFORT readers will join the C. L. O. C. No matter how old you are, you are never too old to identify yourself with a work of this kind, a noble work for the uplifting of humanity, and the succoring of the unfortunate sick. Come and join us. Once a member, always a member. Remember there are no premiums given with League subscriptions. This keeps a good many from joining us, but the expense of running this department is so great owing to the thousands of letters that have to be handled, that it is impossible to give premiums to those joining the League.

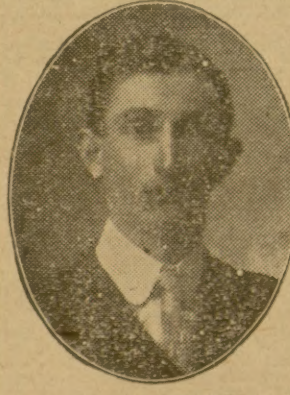
Shut-ins and applicants for wheel chairs must send references from a physician and the local postmaster.

An ambitious, bright, girl who is looking for a home of refinement can obtain one by writing to Uncle Charlie.

Now for the letters.

MEADVILLE, MO.  
I am five feet tall, have dark hair inclined to be curly, brown eyes and have a fair complexion, weigh ninety pounds, and am twenty-one years of age. I am a Missouri girl and of course proud of my state. We can raise most anything here. Corn is the leading product. Yes and we raise pretty girls. Missouri is a good fruit and stock state also. Well Uncle I am a farmer's daughter, live on a farm six miles southeast of Meadville. I like the farm so well. Love to hear the birds sing and see the flowers grow and the beautiful grain in harvest time. What is more beautiful in nature than a waving wheat and corn field to look at? I wouldn't give a forty acre farm for any city in the United States. We have here one of the best Chautauques in the U. S. The park is situated one mile from Meadville, just north of the town, it is beautiful. I wish Uncle, you and the cousins could be here this year; it commences the 21st of August, and we have the very best talent to lecture and bands and other music. Those I have been fortunate enough to hear lecture are: William Jennings Bryan, Robert Taylor, Gov. Hawley, Sam Jones, Senator Tillman and dozens of others just as good. The Chautauques are great for the country. I would like to see them growing more in number, they are so uplifting for humanity. There is nothing of importance to say about our little town Meadville, only it is a fine town, has paved sidewalks and no saloons. Well I expect I had better close or Billy will get this letter, but I hope to see it in print. Uncle, thanks for my League button, it was very nice. So by, by. Love to you and all the cousins. I remain your niece,  
ETHEL A. HERRING, (No. 27,869.)

Ethel, I am glad you show such a great appreciation of country life, and it must be perfectly lovely as you say to hear the birds grow and watch the flowers sing. A waving wheat field is a most beautiful sight. The only thing that could possibly be more beautiful would be a field planted with one thousand dollar bills all gracefully bending their heads to the breezes. I'm sorry I can't attend one of your Chautauques. I would love to make a speech to the citizens of Meadville and vicinity. Before I spoke to them I would cement up one ear of each person in the audience, so that what went in at one ear could not get out of the other. I notice that in spite of the lectures and all the hot shot common sense that is fired into the ordinary American citizen, when it comes to casting his ballot at the poll, all that he has learned at the Chautauques, and all that better experience has taught him in the present and past, goes for naught, and he casts his little vote for those that he knows very well will use him for exploitation purposes only, taking from him all the wealth he can possibly create, and handing him back just sufficient to keep body and soul together. I don't think that even a mule (the gentleman with the long ears) would vote to put back in power, men who had exploited and betrayed him, and made the price of provisions so high that there was nothing but election wind to eat, and forced wages so low that there was not money left with which to buy even the election pot air. To come directly to the point, I do not think that a state inhabited by mules, would ever vote for some of the individuals who are now in Congress, especially those brazen champions of piratical wealth and arrogant privilege, Cannon and Aldrich. Aldrich, the gentleman who tried to run up the tariff rates so high that the ordinary American citizen would have had to starve to death or go to Europe to make a living; Aldrich, the gentleman who is allied by marriage with the family of the head of the oil trust. I tell you when it comes to uplifting humanity it is a hard job and a tough proposition. I've been on that job for many long years, but the only time that I ever had any real results, any solid success was when I was running an elevator. That was the time when I used to really and truly uplift humanity. I got so enthusiastic over my work and the glory of it obsessed me to such an extent that one day, in my desire to uplift humanity, I ran thirty passengers through the roof, but the foolish things instead of appreciating my noble efforts on their behalf, insisted on dropping back into the cellar immediately, and they dropped so hard that nobody would ever tell which was which, and the coroner said that I was a better hand at mixing humanity than uplifting it. That was my finish and I quit the only successful method I knew of uplifting humanity. Chautauques won't do the uplifting, and nothing will



GROVER REEVE (20), Motes, Ala.

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until we give the women a vote, then something will be doing, and when the women go onward and upward, and the skirts begin flying in higher regions, pant-wearing man is sure to follow. All that the American voter goes after at election time is a full dinner pail, and when the election is over he usually finds it's a fool, not a full dinner pail, a pail containing the usual amount of hot air. The dinner he expected to find in the pail is being eaten by his corporation exploiters. Women will alter all this. You may fool the women once, but never more than once. Women learn from experience—men seldom do.

RAMAH, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
Hello! here comes a wild West girl to blow for a while. How would you like to live where it never rains, and the wind never stops blowing? Well, I'll take that all back, we have had all the rain we wanted this year. I will tell you of the wild prairie I live on. I live on a farm of 320 acres. It is a wild country. The people are just newly settled in here. My father and brother have a big steam plow, and it is great fun to ride on it when they are plowing. The prairie I live on is sixty miles east of Colorado Springs. Say Uncle Charlie come out here and take a broncho ride with me. I'll give you one that will "dump" you off in a cactus bed, and then before you can get up you will find yourself surrounded by rattlesnakes; and then before you know what you are going to do, you will find a band of coyotes at your "heels." Ha! Ha! Well, would you like for me to tell you of Colorado Springs? Manitou is at the base of Pike's Peak and Colorado Springs is six miles this side, although it doesn't seem as though it was that far. There are some real nice buildings there too. The college buildings are all up in the north part of town and there is a large museum with all kinds of skeletons in it. Then there is the high school building which is made of stone—it is just "rand inside. Then there are a good many hotels. The Antlers which has Mr. Pike's statue in front of it. Then there are two parks named after the two millionaires, Mr. Stratton and Mr. Palmer. From Stratton park you ascend the zigzag course of the famous O'Brien trail, gradually the scene unfolds to our vision until the summit is reached, when right at our feet may be seen the South Canyon, and Seven Falls; while to the north and west rise Point Sublime, Old Baldy, Cook's mountain and St. Peter's Dome. Along by these places may be seen the Cripple Creek short line track. To the south lies Cheyenne mountain and the Cripple Creek stage road, while eastward, fading into the uncertain horizon, stretches the vast plains on which I live.

Then over by Manitou there is the Garden of the Gods. As we go in at the gateway we see Cathedral Spires, Major Dome, and so much more I never could write it all. Then you come to the Balanced Rock and Steamboat Rock. Then we wind around through the rocks and trees until we come to Manitou. Then if you go up to the Pass, you see Rainbow Falls and so many beautiful things. Then in Manitou you can get soda and iron water and also sulphur water. Then there is the Cave of the Winds. Well, then as you go up in the mountains you cross the swinging bridge, and see the Royal Gorge, and so many places that are just grand. I never have seen up on Pike's Peak, but I expect to go sometime. I have always lived in Colo. I was born in Pitkin Co., away up in the mountains, so you see why I love the hills. I like to live in the country and get everything nice and fresh, but I love to live in

DELIGHTFUL THANKSGIVING STORY written especially for November Anniversary COMFORT. Don't miss it. Look for that buff subscription blank and use it quick, if you find it.

Colorado Springs. I am very fond of horses and can ride or drive them. I can do a great deal of work out of doors and also can do all kinds of housework. Both my parents are living, and I have two brothers and a sister. I am seventeen, have dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, and wear glasses, am fair complexion, five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. I don't know what I would do if it wasn't for dear old COMFORT. I love Uncle Charlie's corner, I laugh sometimes at his funny answers until I cry. Come out to Colorado and live like the Colorado people do, we live on air and scenery, see? Love to all, I am your cousin,  
F. MAY FLOWERS, (No. 27,465).

We are always ready to welcome May Flowers, even if it is in November. May, I have been all over the country in which you reside, have slept in a cactus bed with rattlesnakes for my pillow, and have been rattled ever since. I know all about that Manitou museum with the skeletons in it. I was with an opera company that got stranded in Denver and was trying to walk home, had had nothing to eat for three weeks, several months and forty-two days, and when I got to Manitou, I was so much of a skeleton that they put me in the museum with the other skeletons, and my presence rattled the other skeletons so much they held an indignation meeting and threw me out. You say the high school building is grand inside, so am I but I can't make anyone believe it. Toby says that Pike of Pike's Peak was a piker, how's that? I am glad they have a Cook Stove mountain, for a mountain range without a cook stove is a bum sort of range. I am sorry to hear that Cripple Creek is crippled. Maybe we could get it a pair of crutches, and put it on its legs again. I have visited the Garden of the Gods more than once, and found the gods most hospitable and delightful gentlemen. They entertained me at supper, and if you could have seen the gods eating pork chops and flap jacks you would have been more than immensely tickled. Everyone of the gods wears a League button, and ever since my visit they all are regular subscribers to COMFORT. The gods do not entertain ordinary mortals, but made an exception in my case, and as I am no ordinary mortal, they let me in on the ground floor and gave me a hot time. I didn't get any of that Manitou "iron water." That's a new dope on me. Toby says he thinks you mean iron water, and if so I may say I drank gallons of it, so much so in fact that whenever I cough I raise nails, and that's why people say I've a cast iron nerve, all due to that water. Speaking of the Royal Gorge, I was dining once with the Emperor of Germany, and a bunch of imperial, never-work princes. Each of them ate ten pounds of sausages. That was a royal gorge for fair, so you see they have royal gorges in Europe as well as in Colorado. You say you were "borne in Pitkin Co. away up in the mountains." Why were you borne away up there? Maybe you were kidnapped and carried up. Toby says he thinks you mean borne. That puts an entirely different complexion on matters. There is a great deal of difference between borne and born. Tuck that crumb of knowledge under your cranium and make good use of it in the golden hereafter. Thank you May, I would love to go to Colorado, but I've already had my fill of scenery. I had to eat scenery all the time I was in your State except when I dined with the gods, then I had a royal gorge. Bravo, May, your letter was fine. You're a mayflower that blooms all the year round; more power to you.

CERIAL SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
I hope you will pardon my audacity in making a second attempt to butt into your charming circle.

I am a farmer boy and live in the southern part

VOYAGE IN AN AIRSHIP. Mr. Gannett's own account of his thrilling experiences in his recent balloon trip, told and illustrated in November Anniversary Souvenir COMFORT. If you want to read it, don't fail to renew your subscription immediately if you find a buff subscription blank wrapped in this paper.

of the State, near Cerial Springs, a famous health resort. Uncle, I am nineteen years of age, have light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Am a soldier's son. My father served four long years in the struggle for the integrity of this nation, and for the abolition of slavery. Uncle, you must not laugh at me if I raise a sacred veil and confer to you the secret of my life. I claim to be nothing other than an humble poet. I have started one book entitled "The Dark and Bloody Ground." What do you think of the title? If I thought I could not interest the reading public, I would stay my pen in the unfinished line and commit my life to the study of some other vocation.

As your unworthy nephew sits at his desk trying to write you, I can see before me a probable train of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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# VIVIAN VOSE

## The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

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By Augustus C. Main and Comfort Joy

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS.

Early in the morning of August 1 (the previous year), Charlie Graham, twenty-four years old, falls overboard from the palatial steam yacht Vixen in which he is voyaging with his father, mother, twin sister Grace, and sweetheart Elsie Craig, to whom he is engaged, from Philadelphia, their winter home to their summer home in Bar Harbor, Maine. He is not missed for some hours and so the yacht leaves him struggling for life in the ugly sea kicked up by the storm. In his efforts to reach land he is dashed against a submerged ledge near Matinicus rock on which the lighthouse of that name stands, fifteen miles from the mainland; his head is injured and he is stunned and about to sink, when Vivian Vose, the beautiful daughter of the chief of the light station dashes out in her boat and rescues him at the risk of her life. He remains at the lighthouse ten days in a critical condition, during which Vivian takes care of him. He recovers consciousness but has no memory of his past life and cannot even give his own name, except that he remembers Elsie and mistakes Vivian for her and makes love to her. Then the lighthouse tender calls and takes him to Portland where he is returned to his family who have given him up for dead, not having been able to get trace of him. He does not recognize any of them, only Elsie. She soon breaks the engagement because, as she thinks, he is a hopeless invalid. Next winter a surgical operation on his skull entirely restores his health and mind, but he has no remembrance of what happened while he was sick except that the beautiful face of Vivian haunts him as in a dream. He is convinced that it is the image of a living woman whom he met while sick but cannot place, and so the next summer, while his parents go to Bar Harbor, he cruises on the Vixen to Boothbay Harbor, Maine, with his sister Grace in an attempt to find the reality of his dreamland beauty. Since his recovery Elsie has again set her cap for him and in furtherance of her design follows him to Boothbay Harbor, but she catches nothing for her now since he has found out her true character. He sees Vivian at Boothbay Harbor, recognizes her as the dream girl, falls desperately in love with her; frequently catches a glimpse of her here and there; tries to find out who she is and to make her acquaintance, but she avoids him and he is unsuccessful. Elsie is jealous and has told Vivian that she is engaged to Charlie. One sultry afternoon as Charlie and Grace are sitting under the awning of the after deck of the Vixen, a catboat is dismasted near by in a thunder squall, and Charlie and his boatswain go to the rescue, and to his delight he finds his dream girl in the catboat.

### PART III.

"How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love's beginning  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
For the knot there's no untying!"

As Charlie bent forward to ask what he could do to help them, he was more than ever impressed by the girl's beauty, flushed as she was with the excitement of the accident and her emotion at seeing him.

"Oh, just tow me to the wharf," said the skipper of the catboat, "but this lady ought to get to the lighthouse tender. Now that your boat is disabled, I do not know what she will do."

"Never mind me, John," she said in a voice as sweet as her lovely face, "I will go ashore too. The gentleman is very kind, and if he will tow us ashore I shall be much obliged for his timely assistance, and need not further impose on his courtesy."

"Well, just as you say," said John, "but it is the only show to make connections for that visit to your father."

"I understand it perfectly, and your persistence is annoying," Vivian replied blushing. "It will be a pleasure and no inconvenience to assist you, and so I insist," said Charlie, as the situation dawned on him. As in a dark night a flash of lightning reveals instantaneously the entire landscape, so this remark of the boatman, that she was going to the lighthouse tender to visit her father, gave Charlie the clue to this girl's identity. It flashed through his mind that surely she must be Vivian Vose to whom he owed his life, going to visit her father at Matinicus. He put the megaphone to his mouth and shouted to his sister, who stood on the after deck of the Vixen watching him. "Tell Capt'n to get up steam at once and heave short the anchor."

Then he passed a tow line to the sailboat and ordered his boatswain to start the tender's engine. He took the wheel himself, and as the little launch gathered headway towing the sailboat, he started as though to pass the yacht and run across the harbor to the wharf, but he ran very close to the Vixen, and as he came along side, he signalled to stop the engine, and hold on.

"Here we are," said he, "and now Miss Vose, for I believe that is your name,—please come on board and dry your clothing which got wet in the shower, and let me introduce you to my sister, who will make you comfortable and welcome too. My launch will tow John's boat to the wharf, and then we will see what we can do to find some suitable boat to take you out to meet the lighthouse tender. John, pass the lady's baggage up."

Vivian was much embarrassed by this sudden turn of affairs, and hardly knew what to do or say. She had avoided a meeting with him because of her conscientious resolution, and her belief that he was engaged to Elsie. Then, too, she was afraid of her own heart, and she was too honorable to permit a man under obligations to another, to make love to her.

However, what was she to do? If she declined his kind offer under the circumstances, she would appear ungrateful for the assistance he had already rendered. It appeared he only meant to have her dry her clothes on the yacht, while he went to tow the sailboat to the wharf, and she felt she might safely accept that much. So she gracefully consented, and he assisted her on board, and introduced her to Grace, who at once took her to her own stateroom. As soon as she was safely beyond earshot, Charlie ordered his man in the launch to tow John and the sailboat to the wharf, and then return at once to the yacht. The yacht's fires had only been banked so that by the time the launch returned, steam was up, the launch was hoisted to the davits, the anchor was tripped and the two five hundred horse power engines began to turn the twin propellers.

The ladies came on deck, somewhat surprised to find the yacht under way and headed out of the harbor, and Vivian in great confusion asked Charlie's sister what it meant.

Before Grace could reply, Charlie answered for her: "I promised to find you a suitable boat to take you out to meet the lighthouse tender, and on reflection I think that this is the only one in the harbor that is at all suitable for that particular service. Anyhow we will try it."

Vivian was more confused and embarrassed than ever and hardly knew whether to protest or to thank him, but Grace put her somewhat at ease by saying:

"Oh, never mind, Miss Vose, he is always up to queer pranks. He has nothing else to do this summer, and time hangs heavily on his hands. Please don't consider it a favor at all. You may be sure he is having lots of fun out of it, and that it is more of a pleasure to him than accommodation to you," and Grace knew she spoke the exact truth.

Charlie was in the seventh heaven of delight and thanked Providence for the little squall that had given his beloved into his hands so opportunely; but poor Vivian, ill at ease, was anxious-

ly straining her eyes to the southwest where on the open ocean she hoped to make out the dark hull of the lighthouse tender.

There are lighthouses innumerable along the hundred-harored coast of Maine, hanging like a tattered fringe to seaward and sheltered by its thousands of islands. Running out of Boothbay harbor first they pass the flash light on Burnt Island, then going to the west of Squirrel Island they pass Cuckolds steam fog trumpet and over the water is borne the dismal ding-dong of the bell-buoy eternally rung by the action of the waves as it rises and falls on the ceaseless swell of the ocean.

They are out of the harbor now, and twelve miles away on the southwest horizon appear Ponce Island and lighthouse and the great lighthouse on old Seguin, that outlying rugged island that guards the mouth of the beautiful Kennebec river, whose foaming waters at the Augusta dam on their progress to the sea supply the power that runs the great presses on which COMFORT is printed.

Behind Seguin Vivian's keen eyes descried a streak of black smoke against the distant skyline, and in a few minutes she calls Charlie's attention to the welcome hull of the lighthouse tender outlined against the horizon. On this course the two ships will meet in half an hour, and that will end Vivian's awkward situation, as she thinks. But she has hardly had time to comfort herself with this thought when, to her surprise, the Vixen changes her course to the northeast and heads for Fisherman's Island lighthouse. She remonstrates with Charlie and says:

"Why! Where are you heading? We shall never meet the lighthouse tender on this course; you are running away from her!"

"I know it," he laughed, "and I don't believe she can overhaul the Vixen either. We'll show her a clean pair of heels if it comes to a race. We'll leave her hull-down on the horizon before we raise Matinicus."

Poor Vivian was dismayed as she thought of the commotion her arrival in such stately manner at Matinicus would cause. It would be the subject of gossip all along the coast. It must not be. And so in her despair she appealed to Grace:

"I beg of you, don't let him do such an absurd thing. What will they think? It was quite the limit for me to accept the favor of being taken to the lighthouse tender under stress of circumstances over which I had no control, but this is needless, inexcusable, and I positively cannot permit myself to come under such obligations."

But Charlie broke in again, "Now, Miss Vose, I feel deeply grieved and offended at your manifest preference for the lighthouse tender over our beautiful Vixen; and the desire which you express to part company so soon with my sister and myself I think highly uncomplimentary to us. I am on my way to Bar Harbor, as I was a year ago when you pulled me ashore on Matinicus rock, and though it would be very inconvenient for me to head about and halt the lighthouse tender merely to put you on board, I will submit to that or any other command you may give; but why not accommodate yourself to our plans and let me land you safely at Matinicus? Besides, there are ten days of my life spent at that light station which are absolutely missing to me, and I want you to tell me about them. I don't know when I shall ever have another chance to get this story from your lips, as it has been so difficult to find you heretofore."

She found it impossible to be offended at Charlie's good-natured, joking manner, and Grace again came to the rescue, saying:

"I'm afraid we shall have to let him have his way, Miss Vose. We have all humored him so since he was sick that he has become accustomed to doing as he likes about everything, but he is a pretty good boy after all. I wonder if while you took care of him you did not find him hard to manage. Now let us consider this matter close, and settle down to enjoy the sail."

This hospitality was urged upon her so cordially that Vivian found it impossible to decline without the appearance of positive rudeness, and so she cheerfully made the best of a rather embarrassing situation. Grace was indeed a charming girl and had already won Vivian's complete confidence and esteem, but little did she realize what memories her query as to Vivian's difficulties in caring for Charlie when sick had aroused or how they had wrung her tender, innocent heart.

For a time Grace remained with the two, then declaring that the reflection of the sun on the water hurt her eyes, she retired to the cabin, and Charlie found himself alone with the girl of his soul's desire. Briefly, yet fervently, he told her of all that had happened since he left her fostering care nearly a year before; and Vivian, although she had read of the surgical operation in the papers, it having attracted considerable attention, listened with bated breath.

Then he leaned forward, and began telling of the wonderful apparition of the sweet dream girl who had haunted his dreams; of waking and sleeping over present; how his family and even his physician had believed it a hallucination, a lingering symptom of his sickness, a treat of a disordered imagination, the result of his injury. "But all the same, I knew better," he said. "I was sure it was the image of a real, living woman that I had seen somewhere at some time, and I thought probably while I was sick, but on my life I could not remember another thing about her nor where or when I had met her. Simply the image of her lovely face and graceful figure was everlastingly impressed on my memory, and as it appeared and reappeared before me like a dream it brought to mind each time these beautiful lines of Wordsworth as a fitting description of her:

"She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like sunset, too, her golden hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light."

"I fell in love, with her,—not with the image, but with the original that seemed so real to me and I knew existed somewhere; and so I started out this summer to find her, and it has been a merry chase indeed, first to find her, which seemed difficult enough; and then to catch her, for she has eluded me until today." So saying, his honest eyes met her startled gaze as she drew back from him as though shocked at his words, and she replied with offended dignity:

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Graham."

"Why?" Charlie asked in bewilderment. "If you are so forgetful of your obligations to the young lady to whom you are engaged, self-respect forbids me to listen to your further conversation," she replied rising and starting for the companionway to join Grace in the cabin, her face crimson and her eyes downcast with shame.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "who on earth put that into your head? Engaged! I'm not engaged and haven't been for more than nine months past, though it's no fault of mine that

I'm not, and I'd like to be this blessed minute. Be seated, I pray you, and let me put myself right."

"But how about Miss Craig?" Vivian ventured as she resumed her seat beside Charlie.

"Whoever told you about my relations with Elsie must have wickedly misrepresented the facts," he replied.

"But I had it from your own lips last summer

when you were sick, and now within a few days she has told me herself that you are still engaged to her," Vivian persisted.

Now it was Charlie's turn to be indignant,—not with Vivian, but with Elsie for her shameless and contemptible duplicity,—and he came nearer than ever before in his life to losing his temper and speaking unkindly as he replied:

"I am sorry, but in justice to myself and to be frank with you, I am compelled to say that she has acted the snake in the grass with both of us."

Then, while not painting Elsie any blacker than she really was, Charlie frankly told her she had treated him, and Vivian's indignation was aroused at the heartless cruelty and faithlessness displayed by the society woman.

Then she in turn, told of Elsie's conversation with her, and both marvelled that anyone could be so base.

At last Charlie took one of the firm, browned hands, those useful hands, in his own, and said:

"Vivian, that lovely vision of the dream girl is the only link that binds my present to the life that immediately followed my accident." And as he spoke the words he felt her hand tremble in his, and then he added: "And you know who she is." And again she started and almost withdrew her hand from his.

"What is the trouble, Vivian?" She made no answer, but the tears seemed starting from her eyes.

Ever since I have recovered health and strength I have devoted my time to a search for that girl. You know when I first found her, how I have since followed her, and how and why she has tried to elude me. Is it because she dislikes me?"

In spite of herself a startled sob escaped her, and Vivian turned her head away to hide the tears that she felt starting in her eyes.

"That girl's loveliness of face and manner made a lasting impression even on my deranged faculties and now her real self has so completely captured my very soul that I shall wish she had mercifully left me to a watery grave if she should now refuse me that companionship on which my happiness depends."

Vivian turned on him a questioning glance and looked him fair in the eyes where she found true answer to her doubts. And she knew then that these were no words of flattery, but the outpouring of his heart. And her modest eyes drooped in confusion.

"What is it, Vivian? my heavenly vision come to earth; my lovely dream girl come true and real; what is it that troubles you? What keeps us yet apart? Is it I that I have said or done? Tell me, while you care for me those weary days and nights did I in my delirium say anything that wounded or offended you, my darling?"

At this she gave a startled cry and seemed almost hysterical, but recovered herself instantly.

"Ah, I feared it. I must have said something very cruel or unkind, but you should not have heeded me in the irresponsible condition I was in," said he. "But tell me dearest what it was so I may make it back a thousand times. But can't you love me in spite of it?"

Then Vivian looking him full in the eyes said, "Since you have declared your love of me, as I trust and believe sincerely, and have asked me, I will confess the truth, that I have tried my best not to love you and to avoid you, but in spite of myself, and not of anything you have said, I could not help loving you, and I fear that I shall continue to love you to my dying day. But now that we understand each other let us say no more about it; let us try to forget it, for love between us seems such an idle, impossible dream that can bring no real happiness to us."

"Tell me, my Vivian, what it was I said when sick that has made it impossible for us to be happy in our love, that has so disturbed you. I am sure it can't be true."

"But it was all true, and it was what you said and the way you said it; the heartfelt expression of love of me which I knew was intended for another that won my heart. You thought me Elsie. You called me Elsie, and you poured out your heart to me, and I had to act the part as I thought she ought to act it for your benefit. I did it to save your life, to save it for her. And it was like taking my life; it did take my heart. In those dreadful days when I knew you talked your thoughts without restraint, I saw that love was the mainspring of your being, and, try as I would, I could not refrain from envying Elsie this true love which I knew you were giving me for her. Now you know why I have tried not to love you. But let hours before we reach Matinicus. I cannot say whether it gives me more of joy or sorrow to know that you reciprocate my love, but for your sake, for your peace of mind, for your happiness I had been best for you never to have remembered and never again seen me."

Charlie listened in amazement, and if he loved her passionately before, he simply adored her now. He would win this girl if it took a lifetime to do it. He had won her heart already as she confessed, and now he must win her head by an appeal to reason in which he felt confident of success.

"Tell me again that you love me, Vivian."

"I love you, Charlie, and I shall so long as I live."

He tries to draw her into his arms, but her gentle resistance and the pleading expression in her eyes was sufficient warning for him to desist.

"Then, why won't you be my wife?" he asks next; but this is a different matter, so she thinks, and she tells him she must think it over and talk it over with her father before she can tell him whether she will marry him or not.

"I am aware that my life will be one aching void without you, but it might be more miserable with you. I realize the difference in our social stations and the probable objections of your family to such a match. If I should marry you against their wishes, in the end you would either be turned from me, or they would turn against us both. I will not enter any family unless I am welcome," she tells him, and he cannot shake her resolution. "Besides, even if your family does not object, who knows but you may tire of the fisherman's girl, the lighthouse keeper's daughter. I will think this over during my two-weeks' visit to father," she says decidedly.

"Let me come and bring you away at the end of your visit," he begs, but she will not consent.

She knows nothing of the beautiful necklace of pearls awaiting her, and Charlie does not mention it, preferring her to find it as a surprise.

Two bells struck (five o'clock), and Grace came on deck to ask Vivian to her stateroom to prepare her toilet for dinner, for the wind and salt spray had taken liberties with her golden brown tresses, and so Charlie was left to his reveries.

Charlie was glad when the welcome gong summoned him to meet the ladies below at dinner, and as the two girls entered the saloon he thought he had never seen Vivian so radiantly beautiful.

All were in the best of spirits and enjoyed the delicious viands with a keenness of appetite known only to those who, loving old ocean, sail the salt seas and breathe the ozone of their cool breezes.

Then they went on deck again to enjoy the gorgeous sunset as the red sun sank behind the wooded headlands of the coast. It was seven bells (7.30 P. M.), when in the last gloaming of the twilight the Vixen hove to under the lee of Matinicus rock and lowered a boat.

As the Vixen again heads for Bar Harbor after landing Vivian at Matinicus, Charlie stands on deck peering through the gathering darkness trying for a last glimpse of his beautiful love, and then turning with a deep sigh he finds Grace at his elbow. This devoted sister had done everything she could to make the guest feel comfortable, and had urged her to take a longer trip with them at the end of her visit to her father. As Grace saw the expression on Charlie's face, she slipped her arm within his, and said heartily:

"Brother, she's lovely," and Charlie's reply was a kiss on his sister's forehead.

And so the Vixen steams on that same night to Bar Harbor, that Charlie may tell his parents of his proposal to Vivian. During that trip, he discusses the situation with Grace, telling her that he has won her love but not her consent, and she gladdens his heart by praising Vivian, whom she says she knows she will learn to love dearly.

The next day Charlie pleads his case before the family. He gives a glowing description of Vivian, her beauty, modesty, and good sense and education, and tells of what a hard chase he has had to catch her, and what a high sense of honor she has. He explains that while she confesses that she loves him, that she will not promise to marry him for fear of displeasing his family. Then he calls upon Grace to back him up, and she gladly contributes her quota to the praise of her brother's choice.

"It all rests with you, folks," he concludes, "as to whether I am to be the most happy or miserable of men. If you do not welcome her, Vivian will never marry me, and I will never marry anyone else. She is the one true love of my life."

As he finishes, his mother looks at him lovingly, and asks:

"Charlie, aren't you afraid that marrying a girl so much below your station will result unhappily? Your acquaintance with her is very short, to warrant an immediate engagement. We know nothing about this young woman or her family."

Mr. Graham had listened quietly as Charlie and his wife and daughter talked. He watched the glow in Charlie's face, heard his voice tremble as he spoke of the girl, and being favorably impressed with his and Grace's description, he made up his mind and spoke it forcibly:

"Fiddsticks! You and I mother, have no license to get on our high horse about social position. When I was Charlie's age I was driving a mule team on a canal boat, and didn't have a five dollar bill to my name, and when I first knew you, you were hired out on a farm milking cows and making butter for one dollar and fifty cents a week and board. Both of us put together never had so good an education as this girl. What does blue-blooded aristocracy and money amount to as against brains, grit, sweetness of disposition and character. Compare Elsie with Vivian. If a man's got money and lacks brains, he'll lose his money; but if he's got brains and grit and no money, he'll make money fast enough and hang onto it. I'm proud of my start on a canal boat. Charlie without that advantage, but if he marries this girl, I think he'll have just the same kind of help in forming his character, I got when I married you, mother. If he can land this girl he's done a good summer's job. Remember, we shouldn't have any boy now to talk this over with if it hadn't been for this very girl. She's earned all Charlie can ever give her, and I'm ready to set them up in business any day he can get her consent to enter into partnership with him for life."

Mrs. Graham's eyes were filled with tears. She was deeply touched at his references to their early life, and remembered the devotion he had always shown her. Then, too, she could not help contrasting Vivian's dignified attitude as compared to Elsie's, so she said, holding out her arms to her son:

"Then Charlie, I suppose father's settled it, and I do hope she will make you a good wife," and she folded him to her heart and shed a few tears over him as is the way with mothers when they feel that they are giving up an only son to another woman.

"No, it doesn't settle it by a good deal," Mr. Graham returned stoutly, "for Vivian hasn't given her consent yet, and she's got the grit to refuse utterly, if we should act kind of indifference. So I'm in favor of the whole family going with Charlie to back up his petition."

Words failed Charlie, but he and his father wrung each other's hand, and understood.

Pursuant to Vivian's wish, Charlie gave her the two weeks she had asked for, and on the last day the Vixen steamed away for Matinicus under the whole joyful family on board. During all of this time Mrs. Graham had drawn from Grace a minute description of Vivian, and also what Charlie had told of Elsie's double dealing, and so the excellent mother felt that Providence had been kind indeed in preserving her darling boy from the clutches of the heartless flirt, who not only lost Charlie, but also Leland Rogers, who became disgusted with her. And so Elsie is still trying to ensnare some rich young man, and as yet is unsuccessful.

When the Vixen hove to off Matinicus and lowered a boat to land, Charlie said quietly:

"I am going to her alone," and the others nodded assent.

As Charlie lands Vivian meets him at the shore, her beautiful face blushing, but radiant with a sweet smile. He knows her answer before she speaks, before he asks; for her shapely neck is adorned with his gift of costly pearls which she never would have worn unless willing to accept the giver with the gift. With a joyful heart he reads the signal right, and reads another of like import in the beautiful light in her lovely eyes as she takes his outstretched hand.

"My Vivian," he whispers as he presses her hand in both of his.

"Yes, Charlie," she replies, and for a moment both, too supremely happy for utterance, stand silent, looking into each other's eyes.

"Look, darling," says Charlie as he breaks the silence and points toward the yacht where his father, mother and sister stand waving a friendly greeting, "they have come purposely to welcome you to their hearts."

"Yes, dear, I saw them there before you landed, and so I knew you had their consent which removed the last obstacle from the pathway of our happiness," she answered.

"On this very spot a year ago you saved my life, and today you fill that life with happiness," and so saying he kissed her, and then smiling, he added: "Come with me to the lighthouse while I tell your good father, that in return for all his kindness to me I am come like a viking of old from over the sea to steal his beautiful daughter and bear her away in my ship." And as Charlie lead his dream girl away they both felt that their day dreams of happiness had come true.

THE END.



## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

great events in my active imagination that is not blent with obscurity, but illuminated and so fully perceptible that my senses cannot compass.

Uncle, the azure sky seems in its transparent levelness endows the tired feeling with a sense of relief. (Oh, snail—Uncle Charles!) It is indeed lovely to look upon Dame Nature and see the beautiful pale green relieved here and there by spots of a darker hue, caused by the shades of gigantic trees thrown upon the earth by the lustrous brightness of the sun. Correspondence solicited.

HARRISON GILL. (No. 22,319.)

Thanks, Harrison for your flowery and poetic letter. I appreciate deeply the favor you confer on me by raising the sacred veil of your life and letting me view the interior organism of your vibrating poetic body in full operation. It is a touching and beautiful sight. It is not every man who is permitted to look into another man's insides, and mentally dissect and take an inventory of his pulsating anatomy. The poet's interior is always more interesting than the interior of other men. If you look into the interior of a brick-layer, a banker or a millionaire, you will see pies, porthouse steaks, soup, pork chops, and other entrancing edible delicacies in great profusion—a well lined, well grubbed interior, all meat and no imagination. When you look in the poet's interior you find a big hole, a poetic hole, an interior full of imagination and—no grub. That's the kind of interior I've had for many a long day, and it's a painful and foolish interior to possess. Fortunately for you, Harrison, you are a farmer poet, instead of a city poet, and as you lift the sacred veil and permit me to gaze into your interior, I can see chunks of corn bread and chunks of poetry beautifully blended in an epic mosaic through your entire system. It is hard to tell which is getting the best of it, the corn bread, or the poetry. I'm glad you are a humble poet. Poets are usually humble, hunger makes them so. It's the man with the full stomach who is arrogant, and poets never have full stomachs. I think your idea for a book entitled "The Dark and Bloody Ground" is fine. I've no doubt your poems vibrate with blood, shamble in one line, and a hemorrhage in the next. There's a saloon in a town out West called "The Bucket of Blood." You would have written a fine poem round that Harrison. You could have dipped your pen right in the bucket, and got something real good and gory. You must not think of interesting the reading public. Your soul must rise above sordid thoughts. Let your poetic soul do a rhythmic hoochee coochee o'er the dark and bloody ground to which your fiery untamed Pegasus has brought you, and give me a thought to the reading public, which should you call upon it for attention, would only tell you to go chase yourself and sit on a tack. The trouble with all you "poetry" artists is, you want to turn your imagination into dollars and cents before you have produced a marketable article. Milton received twenty-five dollars for writing "Paradise Lost," the greatest epic poem in our language, and the Lord only knows how long it took him to construct that marvellous masterpiece. Milton took no heed of dollars or cents—your genuine poet never does, for as a rule he never gets up to handle. Those who love art must take it up for its own sake. To talk of poetry as a vocation is rot. In the sentence in which you say: "I can see before me a probable train of great events, etc." I am sorry to tell you that before you finished that sentence you tumbled off the train on to your cocoon, and got ground to powder by the wheels of your imagination. Never try to write a flowery, up in the sky sentence without keeping your feet well on the earth and knowing where you are coming out. I assure you, Harrison, no one on earth could make any sense out of that sentence. Your next sentence too is as involved, and you are again hopelessly entangled in the mazes of your imagination. Be careful how you look upon Dame Nature when she is making her toilet of spring green, and donning her early summer attire. Referring to those spots of darker hue which you attributed to the action of the sun, I must inform you on the strict Q. T. they were colored gentlemen from the dark and bloody ground, peeking through the bushes at a poetic gentleman engaged in the wholly reprehensible act of rubbering at a lady in the recesses of her private abiding place. Dame Nature informs me that if you peek at her any more, she will have you arrested for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. I tell you, Harrison, we "poets" do have a terrible time, and no one appreciates that fact more than the greatest of all manufacturers of "pottery," your Uncle Charlie.

BOSLER, WYO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am ten years old, am three feet and ten inches high, have brown hair, dark complexion, gray eyes and weigh about sixty-five pounds. I have three brothers and no sisters. This country is just settling up and there are about twenty-five families here and more are expected to come soon. There is one store here, they sell everything but dress goods. I like it here very well, but I want a church and Sunday school. Uncle Charlie as soon as I can I am going to get subscribers to COMFORT and help the shut-ins. Wyoming is not as wild as I thought it would be. My father is a section foreman here, and mama takes in boarders, but she is not very strong. I help her. I take COMFORT and just love to read it. I always read your answers and the cousins' letters. I would like to exchange post cards with the cousins. Don't let Billy the Goat eat this, please. Your loving niece, CORNELIA HUGHES.

Cornelia, I am delighted to hear from you, as you little girls have a warm place in my heart. You wrote your letter all by yourself. Mama didn't even hold your hand, and you've done the job admirably. Am quite excited over one sentence in your letter, Cornelia. You say your country is settling up, and that's just the kind of country I've been looking for for a long time. If walking is good I'm going right out to Bosler, and if you can induce the country to settle upon when I get there, I'll be exceedingly grateful. This country owes me a living but I never could get it to settle up. However, if your country is settling up maybe I could get what is due me. I went West years ago because a friend of mine told me to come out to the Great Divide. I spent several years in Montana and Wyoming, expecting I'd get my share of the great ride, then I am. Lin Creek is a town of four hundred inhabitants. It is situated one mile from the junction of the Osage and Nangua rivers. The hills surrounding us are of the typical Ozark type, rugged and rocky. There are five stores, and two restaurants, and two blacksmith shops here. All freight is hauled in by wagon as there are no tracks. Consequently all products bought at the stores are very high priced. Three churches are kept up. The Baptist, Christian and Methodist. I am a member of the Christian church, but do not believe in all this dispute over denominations. I think you can be a Christian when belonging to any church. But then this old world and its people must have something to quarrel over. Our legislature has adjourned. Many good laws were made. My father was a member of the clerical force and my uncle was representative from Camden county. We like our new governor fine. His name is Hiedley. I am an amateur photographer and some day I will send you a specimen of my work. I wrote to many cousins but received no answers save one. Unless they did not get my letter I can excuse none of them for if I make a promise, I usually keep it. Cousins, please give me a letter party Sept. 15. If you write be assured that you will receive an answer from HESTER KING.

AN UNWILLING BRIDE, or The Heart's Rebellion, a splendid serial novel by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, begins in November Anniversary Souvenir COMFORT. Don't miss the interesting first part by neglecting to renew your subscription at once if you find a buff folder subscription blank wrapped in this paper.

and the balance in yearly installments once a week. You say "there is a store here and they sell everything but dress goods." From that I infer that the Boslerites don't wear clothes. If that's the case I think the people who reside in your vicinity should settle down, and not settle up—settle down behind a convenient rock, where they can't be seen. I hope by the time I go out to attend the settling up that your local store will have added dress goods to its bill of fare for by the time I've walked out to Wyoming I'll need a couple of new shirt-waists, and a tub skirt. I am glad Wyoming is not as wild as it used to be. It was so wild when I was there I had to sit on it and hold it down. I hope Bosler will soon have a church and Sunday school. Those are the only things that will make a wild country behave itself. Bully for you, Cornelia, and don't forget me when the country settles up, and mind you see that I get mine, for I certainly need it.

## HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND ALL THE COUSINS: I am thirteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, am five feet and five inches tall, have black eyes and brown hair.

I live nine miles from Harbor Springs. I live on the banks of Lake Michigan. I can see the big boats on the lake every day. Uncle, I wish you were up here to go horseback riding with me. I go to school, am in the third grade. I have six studies. The people up here have nice farms and raise fruit and grain. The fruits we raise here are apples, cherries, plums, peaches and peaches. The grain that is raised here is rye, wheat, oats, peas and barley. There is a little Indian town about four miles from here called Middle village, that is all settled with Indians. The Indian women make baskets out of thin birch bark. They sell the bark work.

Well, Uncle, this makes the third letter I have written and have not been any in print. I guess Billie the Goat ate the others. Your niece and cousin, EMMA J. BACHER. (No. 22,299.)

P. S. Till the cousins rise to me.

Emma, I am a poor hand at horseback riding, my equestrian days are over. You say: "I have six studies at school." Tell teacher to cut your studies down to three for the next three months. Tell her to teach you reading, writing and composition. Your letter is deplorable for a girl of thirteen. You spell women, "weomen," (why didn't you spell it Wyoming?) "written" for "written," "eny" for any, "geess" for guess, "rite" for write, "neace" for niece, "rase" for raise. It is time you boys and girls woke up and tried to spell, or rather it is time your teachers woke up and taught you how to spell, forced you to spell, and walloped you good and hard if you didn't spell simple words correctly. You say: "Till the cousins to rite me." That reminds me of a letter I got from a boy out West the other day. He wrote me thus: "Dear Uncle Charlie: How do you fill? I am filling fine." Of course I always fill in the same old way, from the mouth down. Now Emma I can't "till" the cousins. I'd raise a crop of trouble if I did. Toby my dog is quite interested in what you tell me about the Indian women selling their "bark work." Toby has a lot of very fine bark work he would like to dispose of at a bargain to somebody. There were a couple of cats sitting on our back fence last night, and the bark work that Toby produced in his desire to maul those cats was of the very finest quality. If you can find a market for Toby's bark work, you will earn his eternal gratitude and mine. You will also earn my eternal gratitude. Emma, if before you make another attempt to get a letter in print you go off to some quiet corner and have a heart-to-heart talk with the dictionary and spelling book. Try also to improve your writing, there is a lot of room for it. All of you boys and girls take these remarks to heart. Millions are spent on your education, and three quarters of the entire sum is wasted by carelessness and lack of application on the part of the scholars and bad methods of teaching and lack of ability to impart knowledge on the part of the teachers. Teacher should not only possess knowledge, they should be compelled to demonstrate their ability to impart it. Those who know how, are in the minority.

115 KANSAS AVE., HIAWATHA, KAN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you please let me in your Sunshine League? I am a helpless young man all crippled up with rheumatism. My left arm and both of my lower limbs are distorted and set in the joints, so I can't use them. It will be 12 years the 8th of Sept. next since I have been an invalid. My only support is my mother and she is about all in as a result of so much hard work.

Well, now you wonder what I want, well I will tell you. For a long time I have been saving up tobacco tags to get me a dis. photograph and one dozen records, and I would like some of your readers

24 MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS to those who renew their subscriptions at once. If you find a buff subscription blank in the paper it means that it is time for you to act now if you wish to renew at the old subscriber's special half rate.

to save their tags for me. It takes two thousand five hundred tags to get the photograph and one thousand eighty tags to get the records. I have one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven tags at present, so you see I am short a good many. I will be twenty-two years old the third of Oct., and I would be very glad to get a shower of letters and post cards and something that counts on that day. I will be very thankful for any help I have, and I will answer all letters and will acknowledge the reception of all tobacco tags, etc., when a stamped envelope is sent, but I can't return post cards as they cost money and I haven't got it. Lovingly yours, JAMES F. HANXY.

James, I am most happy to make your case known to the good-hearted souls who compose the COMFORT family. I have no doubt you will get your photograph all right. A little music does cheer a fellow tremendously when he is sick. I hope too, you will get at least a thousand letters and trust there may be a greenback in every one of them. Give my compliments to that dear good mother of yours. Fortunate indeed you are to have her loving care and devotion. I have often wished that I might be similarly blessed. There is no one on earth like mother! God bless everyone of them. Precious little some of our boys do for your mothers except in many cases to break their hearts. If I had to draw a picture of an angel, I shouldn't draw the conventional kind, the winged variety that artists draw; I'd draw a typical mother, standing by the bedside of a boy like yourself, fighting heroically to keep the roof over your head and to save you from the poorhouse—the only provision society makes for the penniless sick. Remember, James, that while you can only use one hand there is still much you can do to help mother. There is a woman in New York, not far from where I live, who has no arms and sews with her toes, and that's no fairy tale either. I hope you'll get the photograph and lots of real help besides, real bread and butter help, not tracts. Some of you who have disphane records pass them on to James. James has sent excellent references.

LINN CREEK, MO.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: My membership card and button received and I want to express my thanks for them.

I am an Ozark cousin, a blond, five feet, two inches tall, with plenty of freckles, am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade at school. Now, then I am. Linn Creek is a town of four hundred inhabitants. It is situated one mile from the junction of the Osage and Nangua rivers. The hills surrounding us are of the typical Ozark type, rugged and rocky.

There are five stores, and two restaurants, and two blacksmith shops here. All freight is hauled in by wagon as there are no tracks. Consequently all products bought at the stores are very high priced. Three churches are kept up. The Baptist, Christian and Methodist. I am a member of the Christian church, but do not believe in all this dispute over denominations. I think you can be a Christian when belonging to any church. But then this old world and its people must have something to quarrel over.

Our legislature has adjourned. Many good laws were made. My father was a member of the clerical force and my uncle was representative from Camden county. We like our new governor fine. His name is Hiedley.

I am an amateur photographer and some day I will send you a specimen of my work. I wrote to many cousins but received no answers save one. Unless they did not get my letter I can excuse none of them for if I make a promise, I usually keep it. Cousins, please give me a letter party Sept. 15. If you write be assured that you will receive an answer from HESTER KING.

Hester your letter is very nicely written, real ink, fine stationery, but that's not to be wondered at with so many relatives holding political positions. I am glad to hear that many good laws are made in your legislature. If one half the laws that are made were kept, it would be better for all of us. We are all a lot of natural born law breakers. If we don't own an automobile ourselves, we want laws made to stop those who do, from going more than three miles an hour, and we burst fourteen arteries yelling at the man who, speeding thirty miles an

hour, happens to run down a couple of our chickens, and knocks the upholstery off one of the farm ducks. We're just ready to shoot that auto hog in the joy wagon, for breaking the speed laws. A little later we get a joy wagon of our own and go sixty miles an hour, and run over hogs, chickens, human beings, trees, churches and other poultry and think nothing of it. We wanted to kill the man for going fast, and as soon as we got a chance we go ten times faster than he did. Now isn't that so? We are a nation of law breakers and the whole bunch of us want spanking good and hard and made to obey the laws.

Yes—the denomination business is tiresome. Some churches spend half their time trying to grab members from other churches—fishing in each other's puddles instead of casting the net of salvation in the unfished waters of sin, crime and rottenness. We should always respect the opinions of others and let them worship in their own way, but some sects foolishly think their road is the only one that reaches heaven, and if you don't travel on the road you'll go to a place

THAT BUFF ENVELOPE FOLDER subscription blank, if you find it enclosed in this paper, is a notice that your subscription should be renewed at once if you don't want us to stop sending COMFORT.

that begins with H but isn't Heaven. Rot. I know a man who belongs to a certain sect who thinks his cousin (as good a Baptist and as good a Christian as ever lived) is going to the hot place sure because she won't come over to his sect, and this thing has preyed on his mind so he is a fit subject for the Dippy House. The essential thing is to be a true Christian, not only professing and believing, but showing your faith by living a Christian life. You won't have to die to get to heaven. That kind of a life starts Heaven on earth for you and those about you.

MADISON, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Here is a niece from sunny Kansas, come to greet you. I have dark hair, brown eyes, am five feet and one inch tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds. Uncle come out and see us; we will go fishing and catch some fine fish, too.

My papa is a pumper on the Santa Fe. My two brothers are pumbers also, but they got layed off these hard times. We have a fine skating rink in Madison, that's the only place we have to go to. How are Billy and Toby?

This is a fine country out here. We see large droves of cattle almost every day with five to seven hundred head in a drove. We live on the Verdigris river. Oh, say! Uncle, I ate beans and chicken for dinner, but the chicken was dead and the beans were cooked so I guess the chicken had no chance to play foot ball with the beans, as yours did. Come out and see me and I won't feed you on raw beans and live chicken. If I see this in print I will write again. Your niece, MISS MAE DYE.

May, I am glad to welcome anyone from the Sunflower State that knocks at my door. I've a nice comfy place on my lap for you, so hop up. You say papa is a pumper. I trust he pumps nothing stronger than water. I was a pumper once. I pumped several young ladies to find out how much money they had. I heard one was rich and I pumped her for a year, only to discover she hadn't got a buck to her name. I trust that your brothers are working again. As long as they don't pump me I don't mind. I am glad the chicken you had for dinner was dead. I ate one last summer that had been dead several years. The only trouble was it hadn't been buried. That was the time I was sorry I didn't have a pumper in the family like you have. It is a wonder what trouble a dead chicken can make if it has been dead long enough. The one I ate was so proud of being dead that it was anxious to have me dead too and very nearly succeeded. It is cruelty to eat live chickens, and it's risky to eat dead ones. I think after all the best thing to do is to live on love. May, your name got me all excited and greatly worried. May Dye is certainly a very uncommon and terrifying name. Whatever you do, dear don't dye, not even if you're red headed. Stay the color you are born. I know a man who tried to dye his hair and whiskers which were turning white, a nice shade of dark brown. To his horror and astonishment his hair dyed orange, and his whiskers dyed green. That

man was an Irishman, and he was quite proud of his green whiskers, but when he saw his orange hair, he tore it out by the roots. Don't dye May, whatever you do. I was introduced to a young lady once, and when I asked her her name, she said it was May Dye. I thought she was jollying me when she said May Dye. I said "Well of course we all may die some day, but what is your name?" Again she replied: "May Dye." Then I rushed off for a doctor and had to pay two bucks for nothing and the lady boxed my ears and slapped my face.

I have a rich old maiden aunt named May Dye, and we've been expecting her to die for the last fifty years; but she just won't do it. May, I advise you to change your name in a natural manner, and get rid of the dyeing business forever. I remember once passing by a store which had this sign in the window: "dyeing done here." I went into the store and said to the young lady behind the counter: "Do you dye here?" "Yes," she said, "we dye every day." I said, "I am so glad for I want to dye myself. I've been disappointed in love and if you will find out how much it costs me to die here, and show me a nice quiet corner where I can do the job, I'll commence operations." Then she screamed, "Murder" and the boss came in, and he said: "You son of a gun, we do dye here, but if you start dyeing here, there will be trouble." Then he caught me by the scruff of the pants, and the seat of the neck, and threw me out and dumped me on the sidewalk. I tell you this dyeing business is a stiff proposition. I don't want any of it in mine.

HYDRICK, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I will write you a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living. I sure hope that Billie the Goat won't get this letter and eat it up. I hope all the shut-in cousins are improving nicely. Well, I can milk cock and pick the guitar a little. (I hope this letter will be printed.) I can draw dogs all right and paint them pretty good. I have got two dogs pasted up on the wall in the house. I am working a teapot and some cups and saucers, so I will close. From your loving niece, MARY E. ROBERTSON.

Mary, I am glad to hear from you. I am quite surprised to find that you can milk cock and pick the guitar a little. I am sure all the cousins would like to see you milking a guitar. A guitar ought to give some very creamy music. I can hardly see your object in cooking a guitar. Maybe it is easier to pick after it is cooked. You must enlighten us on this point. You say you can draw dogs and paint them, and have two that you have painted pasted up in the house. One of our League rules is that you must not be cruel to dumb animals. I do not think you have any right to paint dogs. Dogs have enough to contend with in this world without having coats of paint applied to them. Somebody informed me that one of your dogs was blue and the other green, and that you had tails painted red, white and blue. How is that? In the name of all that's merciful I protest. You must let me know how you draw dogs. I hope you don't draw them around with a string. Maria is a fine artist. You should see her when she is drawing a chicken for Sunday's dinner. It's a beautiful picture. Drawing a chicken may not develop art, but it does develop the muscle. Another thing, Mary, I strenuously object to your pasting dogs on the wall after you have painted them. That is the refinement of cruelty both to the dog and the person who gazes at it. I am quite surprised to hear you are working a tea pot and cups and saucers. I am sorry to say that our tea pot, cups and saucers won't work. A little girl who can get inanimate objects to work for her is certainly a wonder.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

No appeal will be made for a shut-in unless accompanied by references from a postmaster and physician.

Wm. T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va., Box 74. Back broken. Has wife and family. Sad case. Very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

## Danderine

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Cut This Out



# The Blazing Finger of Fate

## A Thrilling and True Hallowe'en Romance

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By Sylvia Marlborough

"There are many brands of courage, and all are not put up in the same kind of packages."

"Come, one would never think you had won your Varsity letter, Kathleen, the way you climb," and jolly Molly jeered merrily at her friend.

"Climbing isn't my strong point," laughed Kathleen, who had been captain of the basketball team, and was the leader of the "Silly Six" as she, Molly, Fan, Jessie, Marie and Lou had been called at their college from which they had been graduated that June. Before they separated to go their several ways, the five others had promised to spend the latter part of October with Kathleen, whose father had a camp in the mountains of Maine.

"And remember, girls, Hallowe'en is to be a regular festival, as we break camp November first," Kathleen's last words had been.

They had come, these happy, heart-free girls, to the beautiful camp home, and a jolly two weeks they had enjoyed. All were trained athletes, afraid of nothing, and happy, healthy girls, good looking, although none were beauties except Marie, and she pleaded that she could not help it, for these girls all prized knowledge, fearlessness and truth above mere beauty.

As companions to the girls were six, sturdy, college fellows, five of them friends of Bob, Kathleen's brother, and to make the enjoyment all the more pleasurable, there had been no jealousies, for as Bob immediately admired Lou, with her big brown eyes; so had Frank attached himself to Kathleen; Sam to jolly Molly who was enough to dispel even his chronic grouch; Phil to pensive Fan; Merton the joker to Jessie, while beautiful Marie seemed from the first to attract and be attracted by homely Tom. So they had roamed the woods, never tiring or feeling languid, and the boys found the girls able to keep up with them in everything, except climbing, for there they had the advantage.

So the time had fled until Hallowe'en dawned, a delightful day, crisp and clear. The early morning brings a guest of honor, Gregory Ralston, an extensive traveler in Africa, whose books upon his travels have gained almost world-wide celebrity. He was a friend of one of Bob's former professors, and the lad meeting him at commencement, invited him to camp, a way both he and Kathleen had. Mr. Ralston accepted, but only for the Hallowe'en festivities. He proved to be a man with muscles of iron, who could do almost everything that strong men delight in, and as he had gained such pre-eminence in literary circles, no wonder the girls strove to appear to good advantage before this man who had accomplished so much. However, Gregory Ralston knew how to accept this homage so as not to arouse the jealousy of the boys, and he was voted a thoroughly good fellow during the day the young people spent in the woods, returning to camp hungry as bears, and ready for the fun of the evening.

As Kathleen and Frank appeared a little in advance of the others, with Gregory in attendance, the girl gave a little sharp exclamation.

"What is it?" Frank asked. He longed to protect her from all unpleasantness.

"Oh it's a girl I don't care for," Kathleen said with a sigh, nodding toward the door of the living-room, where by the side of comfortable Mrs. Preston, they see the slight form of a young girl.

"Kathie," Mrs. Preston called, as she saw them approaching, "hurry, you have company," and being the soul of kindness, the girl hastened forward to welcome the guest she did not want.

Still it would have been difficult for the casual observer to see why Kathleen or anyone else would not want Hilda, for she was a sweet-looking girl, who looked like a child beside Kathleen, who was nearly six feet tall.

"Hilda was left behind to see about some details. I don't think Mrs. Osborn ought to have done it, and so I told her to come right over," Mrs. Preston explained.

"Of course," Kathleen said heartily. After all it mattered little. One more made no difference in a party of their size, and so she shook hands cordially, and introduced the girl to Frank and Ralston. She had been a kind of a companion to Mrs. Osborn, and during the summer kind-hearted Mrs. Preston had invited her over more than once, thinking it was too hard that a young girl should have to work for her living. However, Hilda and Kathleen were not congenial. The young girl was very timid, knew absolutely nothing about the sports Kathleen loved, and was but little posted with reference to literary lights. She did not know who Mr. Ralston was, but she did think he had the kindest eyes she had ever seen.

Dinner was always an important event in the camp, not because of ceremony, but because all were usually so hungry, but it was hurried to-night, owing to the anxiety of the young people to get their Hallowe'en fun. The great living-room was well adapted for fun of all kinds, with its low, beamed ceiling, its large fireplace, across the whole of one end, tiled with stones picked up on the hills. Skins of animals killed in the neighborhood by members of the household, hung on the walls, or covered the long seats, while guns, fishing rods, and several bows and arrows occupied convenient nails. It was a regular camper's den, and everyone loved it, except perhaps Hilda, but she did not express her opinion, and no one cared to ask her what she thought.

To begin the evening's fun, with shouts of laughter Bob and Frank carry in a big tub filled with sparkling spring water, in which are bobbing a peck of rosy apples, and to Hilda's horror, they all take turns in kneeling beside the tub, submitting to having their arms tied behind them, and then with antics that appear undignified to her, try to catch the floating apples with their mouths. Timidly she begged to be left out, and the others leave her alone, but she is surprised when Mr. Ralston stands before her, his face flushed with the cold water, and says pleasantly:

"Won't you accept one of my apples?" and Kathleen thinks it is very nice of the distinguished traveler considering there is no partner for Hilda except him. The girl colors shyly as she takes the apple, and carefully saves the seeds as she eats it, as he tells her to. While the others are counting theirs, he bends his head over her little hand and smiling tells of her seeds.

"One I love, two I love, three I love I say, four I love with all my heart, five I cast away, six I loves, seven she loves, eight they both love," and then adds with a deeper seriousness in his voice than the occasion apparently requires: "I sincerely hope that this apple spells truly your future. Eight seeds are a rather uncommon number," and Hilda's beauty is intensified by the crimson of her blushes.

Shrieks of laughter attract them and they see the others wildly rushing after swinging apples suspended from the ceiling, trying to catch them in their mouths. Poor Hilda cannot back out of this, but all she secures is a bump in the eye, for she is too short to reach any of them.

So the evening progresses, and the girls all glow with life and gay spirits, except Hilda, who does not understand. Her life has been a hard one, she has had no time for play. Reared on her father's farm, she has learned how to work, and has been taught to be useful as the chief purpose in life, and so she cannot understand the disposition of these girls to take life as a pleasant passing show.

The young people do a hundred and one things. They pour melted lead\* in dry sand, and pretend to recognize initials in the twisted bits. They tell fortunes in tea cups, with pumpkin seeds, and in the embers of the fire. Funny little Hallowe'en pranks are played, and Hilda wonders at the good humor in which they are all taken. She expects an outbreak of temper when Merton is told to follow Kathleen's example, and do all she does, and gets his face streaked with lampblack, for a plate blackened on the under side is handed him, and as Kathleen rubs her fingers on the bottom of her clean plate and then draws them across her face, he follows by rubbing on his blackened one and then across his face, imitating her, smears of the black are left. Hilda did not know that this was an old, old trick, and that Merton had only done it to increase the merriment.

Then a big cake is brought into the room, and Kathleen cuts it, and each one draws a slice. To the surprise of all, and none more than herself, Hilda draws the slice containing the ring, and blushes crimson when they all shout:

"All hail to the next bride!" Then laughing, joking, enjoying themselves heartily with their simple fun, each girl in turn takes a mirror, and holding it in front of her and looking into it, walks backward down to the fence at the rear, and there, behind her on the other side of the fence is her chosen young man, whose face of course she sees reflected in the mirror. This is to test the legend that the girl will see in the mirror the vision of her future husband. Who can say if a kiss or two were not exchanged across that fence, out there under the bright moon?

When Hilda understood what they were doing, she hid, and Gregory Ralston admired her modesty, although it left him as the only one who had not the pleasure of looking over some one's shoulder, for even Mrs. Preston scurried out, and laughed gaily as she saw Mr. Preston's fat, jolly face in her mirror.

They were all so out of breath with this ad-

"Nonsense, you aren't afraid!" Kathleen cries with unconscious cruelty, and Hilda with chattering teeth, whispers:

"No," but her hand is cold as ice in the warm human clasp of the man who guides her across to the shed, and his voice is very deep and tender as he whispers:

"Nothing can hurt you, I will not be far off."

For an instant this comforts her, as she stands alone in the enveloping blackness. Then there comes a glimmer of light. A quivering point seems to come towards her, she sees some more light, but shrinks back, for seeming to hang suspended is a gleaming hand and arm of a skeleton. Nearer and nearer comes the pointing hand, while a ghastly voice cries:

"Prepare to meet thy fate."

She does not know that the boys have brought this skeleton from the adjoining city, having borrowed it from a physician for the purpose, rubbed the hand and arms with phosphorous, and that Bob is guilty of the ghastly voice. All she knows is that she is frightened out of her wits, and with a wild, piercing scream she falls fainting to the ground.

When she comes to, she finds the place lighted, and Gregory Ralston bending over her. Vaguely she hears him telling Bob his opinion of such jokes in no measured tone or words. She manages to scramble to her feet, and consumed with mortification, insists upon going back to the house. Mrs. Preston receives her with outstretched arms, and herself puts the weary, frightened girl to bed, with motherly tenderness, tucking the bedclothes about her. The others, while they are genuinely sorry for her, scarcely feel that she is a loss, except perhaps Ralston, and they end their frolic with country dances, roasting chestnuts in the fire, and telling ghost stories with no light in the room but that made by the big fire; and there is no doubt but that the several love affairs already spoken of, gained considerable impetus during this closing session of that eventful evening.

About three in the morning Hilda awakens. She

does not heed him, but climbs steadily upward. Gregory had been some distance from the burning camp, looking after outlying cinders, so he had not seen her when she commenced her perilous climb, but he arrived in time to realize her terrible danger, and sprang forward, only to be seized by four of the boys, who hold him as in a vise. They know he cannot help her, and there is no use for another life to be sacrificed.

Up, up she goes. It only takes a minute, although it seems hours to the horror-stricken watchers, who forget their fire fighting. The flames have made the logs unsafe for even her light tread, but she goes on, conserving her strength. She is not afraid of what seems almost certain death. Her very lightness, with nimbleness in place of brawn and muscle now serve well in this awful emergency.

Reaching the window, she speaks softly to the wail, whom she knows, having often talked with him, sympathizing with him because of her own lonely condition, for she too, is an orphan.

"Jimmie, will you jump when I tell you?"

There is something in her quiet question that soothes the boy and gives him confidence.

"Yes'm," he falters.

"Well now then," she says quickly, glancing down to see that the men are ready with the heavy blanket to catch him. "Now Jimmie, shut your eyes, and jump," and without a moment's hesitation the child obeys, and shoots past her.

As he does so, a broad beam of fire rushes around the house, envelops the tiny figure of the girl, and Ralston in his agony of mind loses consciousness for the moment. When things begin to adjust themselves, the fingers of his captors loosen, and he is aware that the others are pitifully bearing a slender, scorched figure toward the pile of clothing Hilda had helped to save and that was about all that remained of the camp.

"Is she dead?" Ralston asked in a voice no one can recognize as his.

"Only stunned," Mrs. Preston replies. "The brave darling. She struck her dear little head in jumping herself, bless her."

Mrs. Preston intends to be a very strict chaperon to the girls in her care, but she completely forgets her part in this trying ordeal and leaves as Hilda opens her eyes, and looks up into Ralston's face, for he seems to be aware of nothing except the girl.

What passed between them in that brief interval of Mrs. Preston's absence, no one but Hilda and Gregory knows. But under stress of such excitement and danger people are apt to speak their hearts freely and truly. It was the beginning of lifelong happiness to both. Some people wonder why it is that Gregory Ralston married such a quiet little girl. They say, "these people who do not understand, that she does not seem at all literary."

"One would think so brilliant a man would want a wife able to appreciate him," more than one remarks.

Gregory smiles quietly, but Hilda knows. She understands that her naturalness is refreshing and her lack of college-bred fads and conventionalities and her restful, quiet, womanly ways are her greatest charm. He does not want to keep in a high literary atmosphere all the time.

It is his pleasure to escape from occasions where he is lionized to her, and to tell her as he looks at her through the smoke from his pipe: "It's delightful to get back to you, darling," and Hilda answers with her quiet laugh:

"Back to stupid, timid little me, dear Gregory," but no one who saw that young girl creep up the side of the blazing loghouse in the face of almost certain death to save the life of a homeless, orphan waif, ever doubts that Hilda Ralston is made of the real, rare stuff that God puts into martyrs and heroes.



SUSPENDED IS A GLEAMING HAND AND ARM OF A SKELETON.

"JUMP, KID, JUMP!" THE BOYS YELL. . . A SLENDER FIGURE CLIMBS UP THE END OF THE HOUSE.

venture or series of them, and no wonder for more than one happy love affair began in that little trip to the back fence, so that old Saint Hallowe'en is not so bad a prophet after all. That they were all glad to settle down and listen to Kathleen read Burns' "Hallowe'en." She is proud of her Scotch burr, and the others go into raptures over her imitations, and she hopes she is proving to Gregory Ralston that she is something more than a mere schoolgirl, although her heart is given to Frank, and she knows it.

Hilda wonders what they all did to enjoy in such mispronunciation. She remembers a neighbor of theirs in her girlhood days who used to talk a brogue like that, at whom they all used to laugh, and she cannot understand; but then the entire evening has been a series of bewilderments. She almost wishes that kind Mrs. Preston had not brought her over from the deserted neighboring camp, almost, but not quite, for she remembers how kind and interesting Gregory Ralston has been, and she thinks it will be something to look back upon during her future somewhat dreary days.

The girls all feel a little annoyed at Hilda, although Marie wishes she had the time to show her how to do her hair, for she believes that if she were only dressed becomingly she would be a beauty, for the beautiful Marie has the rare quality of not being jealous of beauty in other girls; she likes to see others making the most of their good points.

After the party are through discussing the poem, the boys declare that the final test is to be made; that the girls are to be permitted to meet face to face and propound whatever questions they desire.

One by one the girls go out, blindfolded, across the opening between the camp proper and the cooking shed, where they are told they will find their fate. All the girls submit to the test, and come back smiling and looking so blushing happy that good Mrs. Preston decides that she will put an end to any more of these moonlight tests for fear she is not doing her duty as a chaperon. They have all been tested, except Hilda, who has not been able to hide this time.

"And now it is Hilda's turn," Kathleen says cordially. On this last excursion Kathleen has been asked a certain question and replied to it in such a manner as to make Hallowe'en the turning point in life for her and Frank, and so she feels kindly inclined towards everyone, even Hilda.

"Oh, please excuse me," Hilda cried, shrinking back.

Note.—Never pour melted lead into water. Many have been burned by doing so, as the steam so suddenly generated is likely to throw the hot lead back in the face.

feels stifled. For a moment she cannot realize where she is, and then she remembers. It seems to her, though, that she is back in the shed, she sees a pointing finger of fire; then with a little scream she awakes and realizes that there is something more substantial behind this terror. The place is on fire. Catching up her clothes she creeps into Mrs. Preston's room.

"Dear Mrs. Preston," she whispers gently, "please do not be frightened, but I believe the house is on fire."

They still tell this as a joke on Hilda, but Mrs. Preston adds with tears in her eyes:

"And to think of the dear child remembering not to scarce me at such a time."

In a few minutes they are all roused. The girls all work steadily with the boys, carrying water and doing all in their power to help to put out the flames, proving that an athletic training does develop the muscles and steady the nerves. Hilda does her part along this line, although it taxes her strength severely to lift the heavy pails, but she does better, for her clever head saves many steps, and she rescues more than one valuable. However, they soon find that the place is doomed, and Mr. Preston calls them off.

"No use, folks," he says with a break in his voice, "the old place will have to go, just keep the woods from catching fire," and the brave fire fighters turn their attention towards preventing a forest fire.

While it is all ablaze, the comfortable camp in which so many pleasant hours had been spent, there is a scream from a little loft over the men's sleeping quarters, and raising their eyes, the party see little Jimmie, the fresh air fund boy that Mrs. Preston has been keeping in camp this summer. They had all forgotten him. There appears to be no hope for him. The roof is ablaze, and is falling in.

"Jump, kid, jump!" the boys yell, and the girls echo, but he is afraid.

They cannot get to him from the inside, for the stairs are down, and there is not an unburned ladder on the place.

"I cannot stand it," Mrs. Preston sobs, burying her face in her hands.

A sudden shout rises from the fire fighters. A slender figure runs forward, and spry as a squirrel begins climbing up the end of the log house. Many a time had she so climbed her grandfather's log cabin in her childhood. As she had then done in play, so was Hilda doing in earnest now, with a human life in the balance, no two, for hers was just as much in danger.

She had wrapped her head in a heavy towel, thoroughly wet, but the smoke blinded her, and the heat scorched her tender flesh.

"Stop! I command you, stop this instant!" Mr. Preston thunders, but gentle little Hilda who had never seriously disobeyed anyone until now,

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# White Slaves of Yellow Masters

A Story inspired by the shocking fate of beautiful and cultivated Elsie Sigel, teacher in the New York Chinese Mission School, murdered by her jealous Chinese lover in his room to which she had been enticed

By Ralph and Mary Cottswood

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

Nellie Mitchell, a young, sweet-faced girl of eighteen, repeats the words of promise, "Come into me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," to an Oriental, Chi Lung, attending a mission for two purposes: one to become proficient in the English language, the other to make the acquaintance of the pretty, white girls who teach in the Wood Street mission. Mamie Webster and Amy Snyder are enthusiastic teachers in the same school. When the lesson is over Chi Lung gives Nellie a richly embroidered silk handkerchief and she bestows a smile that would have captivated any susceptible young man. Promising to learn to please her he turns away muttering, "Allie Melian women have plice. Chi Lung pay plice."

While Nellie Mitchell is teaching Chi Lung, Mamie Webster is struggling with Ling Moe and Amy Snyder with Lee Chow, known as Richard Lane. Nellie shows the gift to her mother, who considers it Chi Lung's appreciation of Nellie's work. Mr. Mitchell takes an entirely different view. He doesn't want his daughter under obligation. His wife does not know and realize the inalienable ruin the Chinese bring, and he quotes from the late U. S. Senator Blaine they are "inveterate gamblers." Mrs. Mitchell will not listen; she will have her daughter is doing a sacred work and Mr. Mitchell is silenced. Mamie Webster's mother is a widow and Mr. Snyder so centered in his business, he is unconscious of all that is going on in the home.

Richard Lane asks Amy if she would like to see the home of some of his people. Can she invite someone else? His people are hurt if too many come. Enthusiastic, excited, unconscious of danger, Amy follows Richard, who leads the way to a stout door, upon which he raps. The door opens. Amy is to gain an insight into the inner life of the man she is to save. At the second door Amy sees a small room, about the walls of which are three bunks, each one occupied by a man. The time is to come when Amy is to become as familiar as the wretches lying there. They are as he used to be and Amy shows interest and asks why anyone becomes a victim. Lane cannot explain in words. He shows her how to draw the fatal fumes. She is there an hour—her nervousness is gone, and when he leaves her at the door he is satisfied. The next Sunday finds her breathing the fatal fumes and her downfall is rapid. Ling Moe has other ambitions, he wants to learn English, marry a white wife, and he changes his name to Lionel Mason. He invites Mamie Webster to eat Chop Suey and drink his delicious tea. He accustoms Mamie to associate with him, shows her through his apartments, arouses her jealousy by telling her it is too fine for a man, and he is going to bring a wife. He admits his love and the Chinese week is out Mamie Webster marries the Chinaman.

In the meanwhile Nellie is having her experiences. George Eberly returns from San Francisco. He loves Nellie and wants to make her his wife. He doesn't sympathize in her work. George admits he has wanted to speak with her. No Chinese wants to change his religion. They go to learn English and associate with white women. He judges them by external. Her life work is to Christianize as many as possible is her final answer. George goes back to San Francisco, meets a dear, sweet girl and brings her back as his bride. One of the first for him to meet is Nellie. They are matched by one who cannot conceive a pure friendship between a man and woman. Nellie's admission makes George sick at heart. The next morning he is shocked to read of her brutal murder.

## PART II.

THE years pass slowly to some, rapidly to others. Three years from that eventful Sunday, when Chi Lung made his first present to his little teacher, a remarkable change had been effected in him. His hair was cut in a precise American fashion; he wore American clothes made by an excellent American tailor, and his English was perfect. While he was still giving much thought to remembering Nellie's instructions at the mission in order to make himself a good English scholar, the mission gave a little play, and Chi Lung was cast for the part of a Chinese servant. So well did he act, that a philanthropic gentleman connected with the work, secured the converted Chinese a permanent situation with a theatrical stock company, playing in the city, and during the time that followed the convert had made good. No longer does he wear the name given him in his land, but calls himself Charles Livingstone, and he has gained quite a reputation as a character actor.

He goes no longer to the stuffy little mission, where Nellie still teaches, but he never lost sight of her. His first gift of a handkerchief was followed by a gold enameled glove box, and still later by some richly embroidered silk crepe to make her a waist, all of which she accepted with the full approval of her mother. The Chinese sees the American girl wearing his handkerchief about her pretty white throat; knows that the gloves that cover her pink palms rest in his box when not in use. Other gifts follow these, and eventually Nellie does not show them to her mother.

On the third anniversary of that eventful Sunday, and on the very evening of the day that Nellie had her talk with George Eberly, she met Chi Lung, now Livingstone, by appointment at a Chinese restaurant, noted for its good cooking and bad reputation. It was a place that no mother would want to see her daughter enter. They went at once to a private room they had often occupied before, and Livingstone as he is now called, orders her favorite dishes. He is always very careful to remember her tastes, and treats her in a deferential manner that is part of his nature, that is characteristic of the Oriental.

Nellie Mitchell has changed more than he. She is still beautiful, but there is a haunting sadness about her, that affects those who listen to her slightest word. Her voice, too, has a lingering echo of lost happiness that is the epitome of sorrow. She has many supposed converts to her credit, but if everything were known, would they countenance what she has lost?

Yes, Nellie Mitchell has lost something. Those who know her best realize this. Her mother, though, thinks that the habitual sadness has come because of her work; her father storms about the terrible odors of the quarters she frequents, and declares that if they are not careful, Nell will be down sick and that then there will be the devil to pay. He is mistaken, the devil is being paid, not paying, he never does. Nellie Mitchell has lost what no number of converts pretended or real to her credit can give back to her; what no amount of repentance can replace, and she has gained an experience that no tears can efface. No longer is she the end of labor and sorrow. She has drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, and unfortunately she cannot feel that she has any right to the sacred promise made to those who labor and are heavy-laden. She knows there is no excuse for her. She cannot lay her suffering upon the Throne of Grace; she cannot ask pardon for herself, she feels she has sinned beyond redemption. Any other sin she feels might be overlooked, but her conscience tells her she has passed beyond the limit of consideration, and that for evermore she must wander in the dark valley of sorrow. There is only one with whom she can feel at ease, there is but one person who can ease her burden, the one who placed it upon her young shoulders.

As she sits there, opposite the exquisitely dressed man she has brought up out of ignorance into prosperity and light, to whom she had given so much, her sensitive mouth quivered, and she whispered:

"Charlie, dear, say something to comfort me, I need it."

The young man raised his eyes and looked at her in surprise.

"Why?" he asked.

"Listen Charlie, I try never to complain, but today I met George Eberly."

The Oriental started. This was the only man of whom he felt the slightest jealousy. "George has been away two years, he went just before—before you understand?" and the blue eyes filled with tears.

The re-modeled Chinese gravely nodded.

"He is married, and I hope he is happy. But Charlie, when he met me today, and asked me what had changed me so, I could not help letting him know a little of the truth. Not all, but a little."

The man's eyes glowered. Otherwise his face was expressionless.

"He looked at me with those clear, honest eyes of his, Charlie. He has such honest eyes, and he said in that dear, old frank way of his: 'Nellie, you look as though you had passed through the very furnace of affliction, what is it? Can I help you any?'

"Never before since—you know, have I wanted anyone to know, but I had to confide in him a little. Charlie, he is going to help me. I want to get away from all this. I want to go to some new place where I can begin all over again, and then perhaps I can forget," and there was a sob in her voice.

The Oriental did not answer. He had stopped eating, and his eyes were fixed on his plate. His face was a perfect mask, but emotions, raging fires of jealousy were consuming him.

"George says he can arrange so I can enter a San Francisco hospital. I think I will take a course of training there and become a nurse to the lepers, or something like that. Perhaps in that way I can forget, can atone. Charlie, remember the verse I tried so hard to teach you. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Charlie there is for me no rest. I can never find it Charlie, never, never."

The man raised his eyes and their expression ought to have warned the miserable woman, but she was too intent upon her own thoughts to notice.

"You love him," he cried.

"No, Charlie, but I love what he represents. Good, clean, American manhood. The uprightness of the white man. When I looked into his clear, honest American eyes and remembered



CHINESE ORCHESTRA AND THEIR STRANGE, CRUDE INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH THEY PRODUCE A BARBARIC DIN THAT PASSES FOR MUSIC.

how he used to love me, it seemed as though my soul would leave my body. Oh, Charlie, no matter what the temptation or opportunity might have been, George Eberly never could have betrayed any trust a woman might have reposed in him," and then she broke down and sobbed bitterly.

Livingstone pushed back his plate and looked at her intently.

"You do love this man," he insisted.

"I love my memory, my ideal of good, strong, clean white American manhood," she cried. "I want to lean on something stronger than my terrible frailty."

"Why not go to your religion for comfort?" jeered the man.

"Because, Charlie, I feel that I never have possessed it truly, or I would not have fallen so low," she returned softly.

"You love this man," persisted Livingstone.

"Charlie, you are tearing the scales from my poor, deluded eyes," she cried. "You and your kind are the most terrible menace that America can know. You are not fit associates for white women."

The man's mouth curled in an ugly sneer.

"Yes," he returned slowly, "for some women." The spirit of the girl who had been so cruelly wronged took fire, and she sprang to her feet:

"Oh, how dare you, how dare you!" she cried. "You are not Christianized. You professed your religion to advance your material prospects, and to all purposes you are still Chi Lung, heathen Chinese. I loathe you. I would undergo any kind of bodily torture to go back to the day when George Eberly offered me his honest love. Oh, how have I been so punished?"

The Oriental stood, beside her, his face working horribly. All the stolidity of his race vanished in the face of the terrible jealousy that possessed him.

"You love this man, I say, this man of your own race. I have told you that I would let no man come in between us, and I will not," his voice was low, but so intense that his words seemed to burn.

"You have no cause to be jealous of my feeling for George," she said sadly, "for it's the best emotion I ever experienced," and her head dropped low. "I am not your wife, you have no claim on me, for you never have had the decency to offer to marry me, and now I am determined to quit this life of shame."

For a dread instant they stood facing each other. Then he hissed:

"You shall not live now that you do not love me," and she replied sadly:

"I do not care to, Charlie, since this afternoon." Then he sprang at her, his fingers clutching the air. She did not flinch, this pretty, dainty girl, and they closed about her beautiful, white throat, showing up against it like an ugly stain. A moment later there would grow still uglier, the marks of cruel, strangling fingers. The girl lay back in the chair where he had thrown her, the golden hair which had loosened, falling about her, the blue eyes staring, but lifeless.

Nellie Mitchell's work as a mission evangelist was done. All of the sorrow of her parents, the maddened anguish of her mother driven by the reproaches of her own conscience to a madhouse, will not bring back to life the girl who was sacrificed to support the mission idea.

Charles Livingstone vanished from the room

by a back way, and Nellie's body was not discovered until several hours later. By this time, disguised by Chinese clothes and a false queue, the murderer under the protection of his own tong (secret order), was speeding toward the West.

As soon as George Eberly recovered sufficiently, he sought Mr. Mitchell, and the two offered large rewards for the capture of the criminal, but he seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

"I suppose he has demanded and secured the active assistance and protection of his fellow members of the great Chinese criminal society to which he belongs," George said wearily to Mr. Mitchell after a hard day spent with the police. "There are two of them, and a large part of the Chinamen in America belong to one or the other. The members are bound by the most blood-curdling oaths to assist each other. They are worse than the Italian Black Hand society, and work so much more in secret that they are not so easily dealt with. They are organized and exist for mutual aid in defying and escaping the penalties of our laws. You will find this to be true. I

him and would assist in finding him, and yet all the while he was quietly settling himself in his new home, and using all the knowledge he had gained through the Chinese mission, and Nellie's instructions, to forward his business of corrupting and debauching white men and women.

George is never to know this, but the shadow cast by Nellie's terrible fate always hangs over him, and while he endeavors to bear his part in life, and to make his wife happy, not even the laughter and pranks of his little son, can bring back to him the peace and content he felt before Nellie Mitchell fell a victim to her and her mother's fanatical sense of duty and belief in their mission of converting the Chinese.

## THE END.

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# Little Prudy's Dottie Dimple

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

In fog. Why, it's just as if the snow was a tea-kettle, and it keeps steaming out clouds."

"O, does it, Susy? Now, when it fogs, I shall know the snow's going up."

"Please don't talk any more," returned Susy, suddenly lowering her voice; "we must be very quiet on the street, for it's Sunday. You don't mean any harm, Prudy, but you say so much that I'm afraid I shall forget my lesson. I keep saying it over to myself, you know."

Susy and Prudy belonged in different classes. Susy recited from a question book, and Prudy learned verses from the Bible. Dottie Dimple went with Prudy into Miss Carlisle's class, where eight or ten little girls were already seated.

"It's my little sister, Miss Carlisle," whispered blushing Prudy. "Mother allowed her to come today because she isn't coming any more. Will you please excuse her?"

Smiling, Miss Carlisle was very willing to "excuse" Dottie for her sweet sister's sake. But Prudy felt rather nervous. She made a place beside herself for Dottie, who folded her small hands and sat as still as a marble cherub; but what odd thing she might do into her busy brain to do, no one could tell.

When Prudy's turn came she repeated her verse: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

"An excellent text," said Miss Carlisle. "It would make me very happy if I thought you would remember it all your life, darling. Do you think you understand it?"

"Mother says it means, 'Be careful to say only what is true and good,'" replied Prudy, in a low voice.

"That is right," said Miss Carlisle; "but do you understand what is called the 'figure of speech' in the verse? Do you know what a watch is?"

"A little thing that ticks."

"There is another kind, my dear. We have in cities watchesmen, to guard us and see that all goes right while we sleep."

"O, I know," replied Prudy, quickly; "the verse asks God to give us a conscience to walk back and forth before our lips while we talk."

Miss Carlisle went on to say more about the watch, while Dottie fixed her bright eyes on her face, thinking, "What beautiful flowers those are in her bonnet! Where did she pick 'em?"

The next verse was Sadie Pickens': "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Dottie listened to this, and Miss Carlisle's remarks upon it, with the most solemn earnestness, hoping to learn why it was that people should sit with a lamp shining on their feet. She thought she could now see why Prudy loved to go to "Sabbath school," it was because she heard so many funny things.

Soon all the little girls had repeated their texts; but, to her great surprise, Dottie had not been called upon to say or do a single thing. It was a marked slight. She hardly knew whether to be angry or not. "I guess the lady didn't see me," thought Dottie. So she cleared her throat with a loud noise, which echoed across the room. Then Miss Carlisle looked at her and smiled. She was off the seat, standing on her tiptoes. Prudy tried to draw her back; but so much the more Dottie persisted. She shook off her sister's hand.

"I wasn't a 'peakin' to you," said she.

"Never mind her, Prudy," said Miss Carlisle, for the poor girl was crimson with shame; "let your little sister come to me; perhaps she wishes to tell me something."

Miss Carlisle bent forward, and let Dottie place her rosy lips close to her face.

"Now, what do you wish, little one?"

"You didn't hear me say my verse," whispered Dottie, in a tone of pique.

"Your verse? Did you learn one, child?"

"Yes, 'm, I did. I learned it all day yesterday. 'O, very well,' then say it, by all means, dear." Prudy's face expressed perfect despair. She tried to hush Dottie; but one might as well coax the wind to stop blowing. The child's thoughts had been like caged birds, and now out they must fly.

"Shall I whisper?" asked Dottie.

"No, say your verse aloud."

The child planted herself in front of the class, and recited, in a high key, and with the greatest delight,—

"Don't want to kiss her in the evening—want to kiss her now!"

"What makes you in such a hurry to kiss your mother?"

"O, I just only want to tell her to whip Prudy. Naughty Prudy runned away! Made out o' dirt."

Dottie always looked very low-spirited while her long hair was being curled over a stick, and now was more unhappy than usual, for it was one of her "temper days."

But at last cousin Percy Eastman happened to call in, and declared he must take his pretty cousin home with him in the carriage.

"I'll get her ready," said Noah; "but you're sure to be sorry if you take her, for she's brimming over with mischief today."

Dottie danced like a piece of thistledown. "There, Nono," said she, "I'm going to auntie's my own self; Prudy'll have to give up."

All this time Mrs. Parlin and the two older children were having a fine walk. It was a bright June day. Prudy said she had to sing to herself, for all the things she saw looked as happy as if they were alive. As Prudy talked, she drew from flower to flower, like a honey-bee.

"I can't wait for Prudy to walk so zigzag," said Susy.

Mrs. Parlin suggested that Susy should keep on, and tell her Aunt Eastman they were coming. Then she allowed Prudy to walk as "zigzag" as she pleased; for Mrs. Parlin had long patience with her children.

"O, mamma," said Prudy, suddenly stopping short, and standing on one foot; "if there isn't a cow!"

"I see, my dear, she is eating the sweet grass."

"Yes, 'm; but don't its horns flare out like a pitchfork? Do you suppose he knows how easy he could toss folks right up in the air?"

"I hope my little daughter is not afraid of a gentle cow."

"No, indeed," cried Prudy, clinging fast to her mother's hand. "Poh! if I was afraid of a cow I'd be a cow—ard. I'd as lief he'd see me as not, if you'll shake your parasol at him, mamma."

"Prudy breathed more freely when the cow was out of sight."

Soon she saw something which caused her to forget her terror. Peeping in among the branches of a small tree, she espied what she called a "live bird's nest." Never having seen any young birds before, she wondered at first "who had picked off their feathers." The wee things seemed to be left to themselves while their mother was away providing supper.

"Haven't they very big stretchy mouths, for such small birds?" said Prudy. "Aren't you afraid they'll crack their mouths in two, gaping so, mamma?"

"They are only hungry, child. Suppose you feed them with a bit of a berry."

Prudy nipped a strawberry into three parts with her thumb and forefinger, and dropped the pieces into their mouths.

"O, mamma, they swallowed it whole! They swallowed it whole! Their teeth haven't come!"

Prudy's fresh delight and surprise were so pleasant to witness that her mother allowed her to linger for a while, mincing berries for the nestlings' supper.

"It was like a story," said she, "of little widow-children,—how the mother was dead, and the children had to stay alone."

"Children are never widows," said Susy, laughing; "it isn't possible! But if their parents die, they are orphans sometimes."

"That's just what I meant," exclaimed Prudy, looking crestfallen. "I should think you might know what I mean, 'thout laughing at me, either."

Before long Dottie Dimple arrived, in great triumph. She threw her chubby arms about her mother's neck, saying, "Is I your little comfort, mamma? I came in the boss and carriage. S'nt give Prudy no supper—will you? Cause Prudy runned away!"

"I should not have allowed this child to come," said Mrs. Parlin, at the tea table; "but cousin Percy always picks up the stray babies, and gives them a ride."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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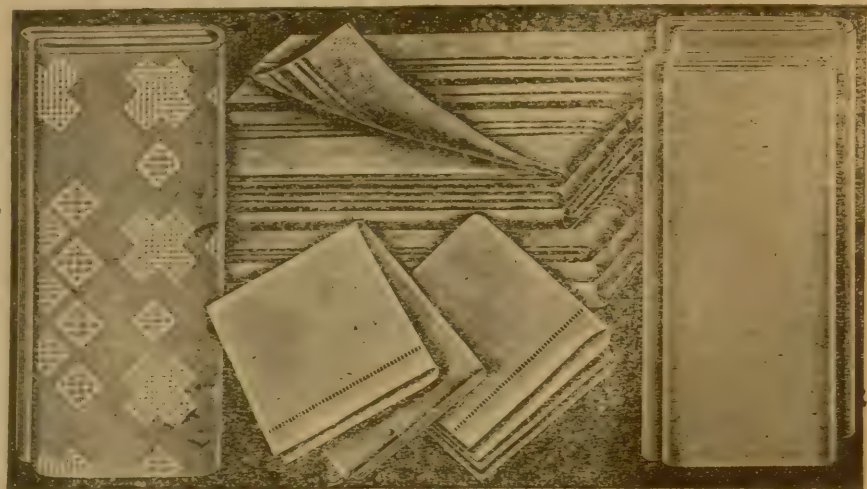
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### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: The multitude of bright and interesting ideas are like rays of sunbeams. I wish to reach Mrs. Strains of Bedford, Kansas, her letter is one among many, and I can say amen from the depths of my heart.

These are my choice references: Matt. 17:20, John 14:12, 1st John 5:10, 1st Cor. 12th ch., Mark 16:18 (I know it), James 5:15, a beautiful poem, Matt. 21:22, true facts but let him ask in faith, says James 1:6. I am a Bible reader and I have all already paid-advance subscribers, had only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

James Thomas Clark, formerly of Rochester, Minn., thought to now be in Alaska (Yukon Ter.). Information wanted by father, Thomas Clark, Hamilton, Cal.

Frank Whitaker, last heard of was in Colorado, please write Mrs. Ellen Whitaker, Box 39, Bockchito, R. D. 1, Okla.

Jacob A. Dooley, last heard of was in Nebraska. Address wanted by children. Please write to Mrs. Ethel Lee, No. 32 Frank St., Huron, S. Dak.

Missing Relatives and Friends At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department one year ago.

Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

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This beautiful imported pattern dress hat is the most wonderful bargain in millinery ever offered. One of the newest and prettiest of this season's designs.

It is a medium model, between a "Gainsborough" and "Shepherdess" effect with brim measuring 15 1/2 in. from front to back; a design which is most becoming to any face.



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Dimples for all Hallowe'en

**A**LL-HALLOWE'EN! It makes me think of witches whirling through the air on broomsticks, black cats, weird games, hushes of frightened expectancy as the clocks tell out the hour of twelve, but most of all it makes me think of the hosts of pretty girls who wish to look their sweetest on this particular evening, for are they not going to see the reflections of their future husbands in the looking-glasses at the mystic hour of twelve? Certainly they are, and I'm going to help them to look just as fascinating as human girls can look, so these shadowy gentlemen will be enraptured.

Really it's no easy task to make you prettier than you are, for Comfort girls bear off the palm for good looks and general attractiveness, but still I must try. Let me see, what do you say to an alluring dimple? Dimpled beauties are irresistible and always will be. Besides dimples are the style just now, and not to be a dimpled girl means you are a back number, and of course you don't want to be that!

Dimples should be especially striven for by women past forty, as we associate youth, happiness and beauty with a dimple. At this age, to get a dimple is something of an art, but if they will persist with their beauty-striving, they will wake up some morning to find home-made dimples nestling comfortably in their cheeks. Isn't that worth working for?

The little girl who is always downcast and glancing askance at everything, will have to change her ways and practice looking cheerful, even if she does not feel so. Whoever saw a dimple associated with a woman who cultivated the spirit of sadness and gloom? Not I, for one. Practice laughing, for a dimple. This is a sure and easy way to gain beauty. Laugh when things go wrong, laugh when you sew, when you walk, when you rest. Night and morning stand before your mirror and smile. Watch the little twinkle come in your eyes, notice how the drooping corners of your mouth turn up and up until they just can't go down again. Do this smiling exercise for five minutes night and morning and then some fine day you will not only see the twinkle in your pretty eyes and the merry lips, but a tantalizing baby dimple as well, playing hide and seek in your satiny cheek.

It is seldom that the unhealthy anemic woman possesses dimples. They just naturally don't like thin faces, and politely keep their distance until things are more to their liking, consequently it behooves the slender girl to bestow a little thought on plumping her face. This is a little not so easy to do, but it can be accomplished by giving the face special baths.

The very latest beauty fad is to knead the face with milk, of course for this purpose the thin girl must get extra good milk. See that it is rich and creamy and fresh. Skin milk is as rich as cream and power to fatten thin faces. Begin this treatment with a good face steaming, taking care not to burn the skin, then, while the skin is hot and glowing like a poppy, dip your two hands in a bowlful of warm milk and saturate the face with it. The hungry pores can absorb quantities of creamy milk and still call for more. Repeatedly dampening the hands with the milk, begin to massage. Place both hands at the tip of the chin, one on either side and massage up over the cheekbones out beyond the corners of the eyes.

Take a dimple bath every day, and in no time at all you will have a pair of plump pink cheeks, dimpled and soft and altogether alluring. In addition to the above, it is important to build up the health by drinking plenty of water, exercising in the open air, sleeping in a well-ventilated bedroom and eating sufficient nourishing food. Nourishing food doesn't mean pie or cake. Neither does it mean pickles and coffee.

Now about your teeth. Is one missing? Because, if so, you must hurry to the dentist and buy another! Many women lose their pretty dimpled cheeks when their teeth begin to fall out. Every tooth is worth a fortune to the girl who aspires to dimples. Missing teeth mean a hollow, crooked face and one without youth. So make a friend of your dentist, girls, and be dimpled at eighty.

If you have followed the above directions, you are now ready for actual dimple-making. A captivating Hallowe'en dimple can be made by mixing some gum arabic in water. Use very little water, so that the gum is thick, and then apply to the cheek.

When it begins to dry, press it gently with the blunt end of a lead-pencil, or it might be better to slightly round the end of the pencil. Hold it pressed into the flesh for ten minutes. When the pencil is removed, you will see a cunning indentation. Powder this lightly and the artificial dimple blending with the skin will look perfectly natural.

You must be careful to get on the right quantity of gum arabic. If too much, the powder will not veil it; if too little, the dimple is a sad failure. So you see making dimples requires care and practice. This treatment repeated daily for several weeks will finally give you a permanent dimple.

Now for the chin dimple, which many think even more irresistible than cheek dimples. This is made by massaging the point of the chin until it begins to feel numb. This may take five, ten or fifteen minutes. When you feel as if you had lost a piece of ice in a cheesecloth bag and move it to and fro across the chin until the flesh is very, very cold and firm.

Now take a blunt steel instrument about the size and shape of a lead-pencil and press it into the chin just where a dimple ought to be. This will make a dent. Press again. This time a deeper dent will be seen. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, twice a day, pressing always a little deeper. Pretty soon you will have the prettiest little dimple spot you ever saw. Be careful not to break or bruise the skin while making these beauty places. Go slowly, and progress will be more sure.

It is comparatively easy to substitute a row of dimples for a set of knuckle-bones. Beautify them by exercise, but just any exercise will not do. You must give the muscles of the hand full play by stretching the fingers as if you were playing the piano, moving each finger separately.

Hands get stiff early in life, and the knuckles become ugly and prominent. Exercise prevents the hands from becoming thus knotted and disagreeable looking.

Besides being given exercise, bony knuckles need to be fed, so take a little skin food and massage along the line of the knuckles. Several times a week give your hands a hot milk bath. First, however, wash them until they are absolutely clean, and follow this up by bathing them in clean hot water until the pores of the skin have expanded. Now hold your hands in a bowl of hot milk for fifteen minutes. In a few weeks you will possess a pair of dimpled hands.

## Don'ts for Hands that Need Dimples

Don't close your hands tightly, as that shows your knuckles.

Don't pull your fingers to make them snap.

Don't forget the hand needs exercise.

Don't omit the daily kneading of the knuckles with skin food.

There are several other things I could tell you about these beauty spots, but I think you will be sufficiently dimpled on Hallowe'en without my giving you more work to do.

## Questions and Answers

**Red Astors.**—The Resorcin tonic for falling hair is not injurious if put up correctly. Dampen your fingers with the liquid and rub on scalp. Yes, you can use the Amole Root Shampoo every eight or more days, and the Resorcin tonic in between. Be sure to remember that massage is important.

**A Missourian.**—The only thing you can do is to wait until the hair regains its original color, which will be within a few weeks. I know nothing about the freckle cream you mention. As your cheeks sag slightly, why not give them an upward massage for fifteen minutes each day, dishing with dashes of cold water over face and neck. This will firm the skin. You should weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds; bust measure thirty-six, hips thirty-nine.

**Bee.**—Gray hair at eighteen is rather premature unless this is hereditary. Yes, I think a fifteen-minute massage with yellow vaseline will gradually invigorate and nourish the hair roots and the hair will resume its natural color. Dandruff will undoubtedly cause hair to fall out and become faded. I am glad you no longer have it. Continue the hot water for pimples and give up sweets. Take a daily bath, and sleep with your bedroom windows open. Good luck, my dear.

**Mich. Worried.**—Yes, excessive worrying will most certainly react on the scalp and cause the hair to fall. As you have massaged and used tonics, perhaps this trouble is caused by poor health. You can't have beautiful hair unless you are strong and healthy. Get yourself well nourished and once a month rub a teaspoonful of kerosene into your scalp. This is fine for the hair and the odor does not last long if you sit in a breeze for thirty or forty minutes.

**Miss Molly.**—You can bleach your hair by applying peroxide of hydrogen to the hair with a toothbrush. First shampoo and dry the hair, then apply the bleach. Home bleaching is never successful, as changing the color of one's hair is a very delicate operation and requires an expert in such things.

**Wild Rose.**—Thank you. I am glad to think I have helped you so much. Your weight and measurements are right for your height. Blondes are rarest. Your hair is a golden brown and looks very healthy. Yes, wear a pad on the left hip. Your bust is not any too large. Leave it alone. You are a fortunate girl to have such nice proportions and pretty hair. I didn't find any kisses, if mistakes were to represent kisses. I feel disappointed. Write again, girle.

**Miss Helen.**—You poor child! I'm sorry for you, but dyed hair just has to be left alone. You must let the dye wear off. This will take a number of months, but it is the only thing to do unless you want to cut your hair off. Dyed hair is unsatisfactory, and I'm sorry you had to find it out through your own experience.

**Anna.**—I do not answer letters personally. I think you refer to the Amole Root and this root has been advertised in Comfort, so you can easily get it. It costs fifty or sixty cents a pound.

**Mrs. J., Canada.**—Blue Belle, Sunshine.—Try reducing by wrapping this rubber sheeting tightly around bust, waist and hips, and going through this exercise for fifteen minutes each day. Stretch arms out, stretched and bend from the waist until fingertips touch the ground. Do not bend the knees. You can hasten results by first taking a hot bath. Cold baths do not reduce.

**Sunshine.**—See my article on hands.

**Anxious.**—It is difficult to reduce the ankles, but try rubbing them vigorously for fifteen minutes, night and morning. I imagine your eyes are naturally as you describe them and as you are physically strong, I could do nothing.

**Hopeful Friend.**—As you are five feet nine inches tall, and only weigh eighty-four pounds, I wouldn't worry about being too stout. You are about seventy pounds too thin. Your waist measure should be twenty-five and one half. Wash your hair with white soap once a week and massage scalp every night for fifteen minutes with yellow vaseline. Frequent washing will banish the dandruff and massage and vaseline will strengthen your weak hair.

**M. S. S.**—You must massage your flabby, hanging neck fifteen minutes each day. Use good, rich cow's cream and after the massage dash on floods of cold water, as this will firm the droopy flesh. Try this exercise also, my dear lady: Bend head back as far as possible, and stretch chin out and up, tightening the neck muscles until they are like iron. Then turn head around on shoulder, but remember to keep muscles taut. This develops and strengthens the throat wonderfully, if it is kept up for fifteen minutes night and morning.

**Sunny Monday.**—Liver spots are horrid and I sympathize. They are caused by the liver not acting properly. So take to eating lemons, limes, or acid oranges, and tart apples. This will cause the liver to behave itself. See to it that you do not have constipation. This is important. Also drink one glass of buttermilk at every meal. Massage of the skin will help to correct this trouble.

**Mrs. J.**—I'm sorry, but I never give mole removers. If disturbed, they are always liable to start a cancerous growth and you know you wouldn't like that. Pull the hair out and bleach the mole.

**Mrs. E. M. G.**—See Sunny Monday regarding liver spots. Hold your hands frequently in hot water and finish by giving them a massage with vaseline oil. A bleach made of lemon juice and glycerine will keep your hands soft and white.

**Black Eyes.**—A great many people have hair on their lips and this can and should be removed by means of the electric needle. A Comfort girl tells me she knows that spirits of camphor applied to hairy spots will kill the hair, but I cannot vouch for this. Your height and weight is right. A pompadour all around the head is very popular now and would probably become you. Wash your face in sour milk every day and it will soon become soft and white.

**Bertha K. Southern Girl.**—See reply to Mrs. J. about moles. To clear your muddy skin, drink three quarts of water daily and take a ten days' treatment of sulphur and molasses. See reply to Black Eyes.

**Trixie.**—You are not very much too stout. See replies to Mrs. J. and Mrs. J.

**A Texas Maid.**—I rather think you have "moth patches," and if so you can apply to them this lotion:

## Moth Patch Lotion

One half dram of salicylic acid, two ounces of bay rum. Apply very, very carefully.

**I. & M. Lds. V.**—A bad complexion can be greatly improved by taking care to eat only plain, wholesome food. A daily bath is a necessity, and so is sleeping with your bedroom windows wide open. This sounds commonplace, but is important. You should always drink three quarts of water each day. If your pimples are not of too long standing, apply this local treatment:

## Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces. Apply several times a day.

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A lotion for blackheads is carbonate of magnesia and zinc oxide, each one dram; rose water, four ounces. Shake this mixture and apply to spots. Later apply hot cloths to the face. Then press out the tiny "worms." You must also wash the face every night before going to bed with soap and warm water.

**Ark. June Apples.**—See reply to L. & M. and Black Eyes. You must use any kind of rolled breakfast oats. Take the hot water treatment persistently for four months. A greasy skin is a nuisance but you can get rid of it. Wash your face several times a day, putting one half teaspoonful of powdered borax in each water. Massage will round out your face if you take care to massage the cheeks up and out for fifteen minutes each day. Use good cow's cream.

**Dollie.**—The powder you mention will not injure your skin. At your age you must expect to have pimples. See reply to L. & M.

**Miss Minnie.**—See reply to L. & M. If your nose is red and you don't wear tight collars, belts, shoes, gloves, corsets, etc., it probably comes from indigestion. Do you have constipation? If so, take something for it. Drink three quarts of cool water each day. The cream you mention is good for the hands, not for the face. For the oily condition of nose, wipe it off several times a day with a cloth dipped in alcohol.

**A Subscriber.**—See L. & M. Take hot baths and use plenty of soap. Make a paste of sulphur and molasses and take one tablespoonful each day after dinner for two weeks.

**Sonda.**—Drink cool water, three quarts daily, as you can't take hot water. Massage will fill out your face and make your lips and nose soft and free from dryness.

**Miss D.**—Thank you for your pleasant letter. I cannot give addresses in these columns, but I will in other ways do as you suggest.

**Subscriber.**—Yes, persistent massage will gradually fade the scar, but of course this takes many months. Massage the wrinkled skin with skin food for ten minutes night and morning. After each massage dash cold water over the eye. Dandruff can be cured. Rub in this:

## Dandruff Cure

Bay rum, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce.

Regarding the circular you inclose, I cannot say as to its truth. Of course it might accomplish what it says. The only way to find out is to try it, but apply it to one of your lower limbs first, so if it is caustic it will not mar your arms and face.

**Miss Clara.**—I am not a fairy, so I cannot tell you of any remedy that prevents the growth of hair while clearing the complexion. The formula for tooth powder seems good, although rather elaborate. Wave your hair on large kid curlers, as they cannot harm the hair. You can lighten your hands by holding them in buttermilk for fifteen minutes every day for a week.

**Fern H.**—Crowdies are obstinate things. The only way to train it to lie down, is to bandage it flat every night. In time (a long time), it will behave. Massage your wrinkled elbows with olive oil. They will grow plump and smooth. I do not like Castor oil for the hair. Instead massage the scalp every night with yellow vaseline. Try not to get any on the hair itself. I don't know what you mean by "nose sagging," but would suggest massaging it up with skin food, and then dashing on ice cold water, which should firm it. Get a twenty-five cent bottle of peroxide and a fifteen-cent bottle of aqua ammonia.

**Anxious One.**—You are nervous and sensitive as to your size. If you will follow the directions given from time to time you will be able to get rid of the superfluous flesh and reduce your hips.

**May Day.**—You can bleach your neck by using the following:

## Neck Bleach

One ounce of honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs. Whisk fine oatmeal to make a smooth paste.

Apply at night, covering with a fine piece of cotton cloth. If you take one tablespoonful of "perfected cod liver oil" after each meal and drink milk, you will soon plump up. Yes, continue the hot water treatment. Your heart is weak probably, and consequently is affected by the hot water. Use tepid water for a bath. I wish you would tell me how you succeed with the bleaching, as I am always interested.

To reduce the nose, massage it from the point of the nose to the eyes. Press hard. See reply to Sunny Monday. Massage each day and dash cold water every time you finish bathing your face. This will

contract enlarged pores. See reply to Black Eyes. Yes, I really think one needs to massage the face with face cream, as otherwise the skin is apt to become chafed.

## Soap, Jelly

Pare one half cake white soap into three cups of hot water. Add one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until a jelly. Now put away in a covered glass jar and use as needed.

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# Enoch Brown's Harvest

## Or, Garnering the Fruits of Friendship

By Grace Garcelon

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**H**ARVEST time, and Enoch Brown, home for the first time in four years, stopped to draw in a deep breath of the sweet, crisp air. That seemed loaded with the richness of mellowed apples, yellowing corn, ripened pumpkins, and the thousand and one good things Mother Nature loads those who woo her, during the garnering time.

"Gee, but it's good to be back," he cried, pushing back his hat, and looking about him. How little it had changed. There was the old elm, shading the water trough, where he had stopped so many times, and towards which the mare he was riding turned instinctively. As he waited for her to drink her fill, a tender light stole into his keen gray eyes, and he said half aloud:

"It ought to be here, Milly's name and mine," and letting his reins fall slack on the mare's neck, he leaped lightly down, and going on the other side sought for something cunningly hidden in a crotch of the tree. Yes, there it was.

"I did a good job that day," he told himself, as he looked at the rude carving that blended the two names, "Enoch and Milly." "I wonder if she's the same, dear little girl," he mused, "or if she has blossomed out into a Mildred." Thin a smile, bright, and yet tender broadened his mouth, and he shook his head as he remembered something about that day when he had carved their names. Milly had bent to look at his work, and he had stolen behind her, and before she knew it, taken a kiss from her pretty lips.

"Probably she's grown too used to admirers to get taken unawares that way now, but it was good," and then he threw back his head and laughed with very joy of living.

Four years before Enoch Brown had left the little farming community to go to Boston to enter the office of his uncle. One of the conditions was that he could not return for four years.

"I don't think you'll want to by that time," the crusty old man had declared, but he had died before he knew that although he had tried to turn his nephew from his love of the country, he failed, and as soon as matters were settled, Enoch came back, a very rich man, although this was something he resolved to keep to himself. He had seen so much trickery, so much graft during his city experience, that he resolved to test his old friends and see if among them he could not find true goodness of heart.

"I'll go back among them as a penniless chap, and see if they'll take me for myself," he told himself. His uncle had been imbibed early in life, but the young man had not agreed with him that a man is only valued for what he can do for others.

"If my old friends only care for the size of my pocketbook, then the sooner I know it the better," Enoch told himself, and so it was that this bright Indian summer day found him riding a mare he had hired from the livery at Summer-ville, the town nearest to Yellowstone Center, his old home, dressed in the clothes likely to belong to one who had come out of life's battle a little the worse for wear.

"I ought to tramp in," he told himself, "but my city feet ain't equal to it," and then he had laughed again. Laughter came easily to this young man, for the world seemed so good, he had wealth, health, and had known no real sorrow, for his parents had died before he had known them, and his uncle's loss was not as great as he would have liked it to be, the old man had never been able to inspire love, or even gratitude, he had made his service so exacting.

All this was passing in Enoch's mind as he leaped on the mare's back, the good little mare that in olden days had often borne him before he had sold her to go to his uncle. The liveryman was an old friend of his, and gladly let him take Nellie, and would have done so without any money, for he had known and loved the boy, and was grieved to see that he showed so few signs of prosperity.

"Though, Enoch, lad, success isn't always measured by dollars. Do your best, be true to yourself, and God will look out for the rest," he had said with a warm shake of the hand, and Enoch had enjoyed himself planning some nice things that were to happen to old Elder Hopkins very soon.

The mare refreshed by her long draught, cantered along the road, and Enoch intoxicated with the call of home, swung his hat about his head and gave out three wholesome yells for very joy. They startled a prancing bay horse, drawing a little basket carriage, and before Enoch knew what was happening, he heard a startled cry, and saw a maddened horse go dashing by, with a golden-haired, slender girl clinging to the sides of the vehicle.

It was all over in a minute. Enoch had only to bend over Nellie's neck to whisper in her ear, to make her turn and follow the bay. As they came abreast of the frightened horse, Enoch leaned far over, and thrusting out his big, strong hand, still white from his city duties, he caught the horse by the mouth. There was a second of struggle, and then the great beast stood still, although quivering all over with fright.

"Oh, I'm so frightened," gasped a low voice, then Enoch caught a girlish form as she fainted in his arms, and looked down upon what he then considered the loveliest face he had ever seen. When a pair of violet eyes opened, a moment later, he felt his heart jump, and he began to wonder if this was "love at first sight."

During the hour that followed when he drove Rosalie Vernon home, Nellie being fastened behind, he believed it was, but he was more than ever determined to apply his test, so he did not abandon his purpose, and confess himself an immensely rich man, as they drew up before the handsome summer home Judge Vernon had built at Yellowstone Center, but said in reply to Rosalie's question if there were not some way that she could repay him for his gallant rescue of her:

"I tell you, Miss Vernon, how you can. Recommend me to your father as a farm hand. I need the work."

The minute the words were out of his mouth he noticed the difference. The girl drew aside, her fair face reddened, and her eyes seemed all at once to appreciate the commonness and shabby condition of his clothes.

"You see I'm rather down on my luck, and I want work," Enoch continued.

"Indeed," drawled the beauty, for beauty she was as far as mere features and coloring went, but there was a cold quality to her voice, and a glint in her eyes that offended Enoch, now, and made him realize that, perhaps, "All is not sold that glitters."

"Sure thing," Enoch continued. "Think the Judge could make a place for me?"

Rosalie looked him over, forgetting that a moment before she had thrilled at his strength, his courage, and his daring, and replied disdainfully:

"Not likely, papa does not believe in taking on tramps here. However, he'll pay you handsomely for what you did."

The young man's face flamed, then he controlled himself, remembering that he had subjected himself to this treatment, and that because of it he had saved himself much misery, for he was certain that if he had only seen the best side of this girl, he might have imagined himself in love with her. So he only replied quietly:

"Thank you Miss Vernon, but my life is not for sale. I do not want pay for risking it, but work, which every honest man has a right to ask for," then transferring the reins to her hands, he continued:

"Your horse is safe enough now, so I will not trouble you any further," and lifting his old hat with a courtesy that somewhat astonished her, Enoch left her, and the spoiled daughter of fashion drove on not knowing that fate had offered her a man's love, and great material riches, and because she could not distinguish the man's true worth beneath his shabby clothes she lost both.

In the meanwhile Enoch mounted his mare and cantered along, for a sudden notion had come into his head. He wanted to see Milly again, dear, little, unaffected Milly Berton. In the olden days the Bertons had been good friends of his, and to them he would go and see if his seeming lack of wealth would make any difference.

As he drew up before the old farmhouse, white with green blinds, he felt that at last he was home, and hoped with all his heart that those old friends would prove worthy the trust he reposed in them. For a moment he hesitated, then a cheery voice cried:

"Hello stranger, won't you 'light and bide some," and farmer Berton came down the front steps, smiling pleasantly, as he used to in greeting those whom he did not know. Then his smile changed to a grin of delight, both horny hands went out, and Enoch was fairly dragged from his mare, while the great voice went booming out:

"Mother, Milly, boys come here and see who we've got. Bless me, lad, but you're a sight worth seeing," and talking, laughing and calling he dragged Enoch to the big porch where he had sat more than once with little Milly. Mrs. Berton hustled out, good-hearted, fatter than ever, and as she saw the young man, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily:

"Because you have no mother to welcome you home," she explained, while Bill and Tom almost wrung his arm off. All the while he was watching for someone else, little Milly whom he had left a schoolgirl of fifteen.

"Milly," shouted her father, "come on out here."

"Yes, father, I'm coming," she returned, and then for the second time that day, Enoch's heart gave a leap, but this time he did not have to ask himself what it meant, for he knew. And yet Milly was not pretty. Her fresh young face had a healthy tan, with a few wholesome freckles thrown in, and yet Enoch thought he had never seen anything more bewitching than her brown hair, laughing eyes and dimpled face, in which the bright red color came and went as she said cordially, holding out a firm, brown hand:

"I'm real glad to see you, Enoch." Who could ask for a better welcome? And yet he had not told them, the half falsehood which was not one after all for of himself he had accomplished little. He knew full well that if he had been forced to depend upon his own exertions, with no backing from his uncle, he could have made no more than a bare living in the city.

"Folks," he said in a low tone, "you're awful good to me, and I can't tell you how deep it goes to be made so welcome, but I must let you know that I've not made good in the city. I'm too much of a farmer to ever be anything else, and so I've come back here to see if I can get work, and—"

but farmer Berton cut him short with a mighty clap on the shoulder:

"Good thing, lad, I'm glad to know it. Not that you've had your work for nothing, for none of us like that, but that you realize what's the best place after all. Lad, if you've come to realize that, those four years are not wasted, are they mother?" and Mrs. Berton echoed her husband's sentiments, while Bill and Tom finished their work of wrecking his arm, and Milly beamed her approval from her soft, brown eyes.

Enoch was not ashamed of the tears that stood in his eyes, and he longed to tell them right off that he was rich, rich enough to carry out some fine schemes he had been brooding over, then he believed there would be no harm in basking in the warmth of their friendship, and so he entered Mr. Berton's employ as a farm hand, and felt a real joy in his work.

He had spoken rightly when he had said that he was a farmer. Love of the work, and a knowledge how to do it was bred in his bone, and he felt he could do nothing else. He accomplished so much that farmer Berton remarked the first night as they all sat about the supper table, loaded with good things garnered from the field, the orchard and chicken yard:

"I don't know but it would be a good thing, lad, if all farmers took a four-year-course of city life, if it makes them work like you," but Mrs. Berton asked him if he didn't think he had better go a little slow until he got used to it again? and Milly looked worried, until he threw back his head and laughed until the rafters rung.

"Bless you, folks, nothing tires me so much as tramping along cobblestones that hurt my feet; jumping on and off street cars, riding up on elevators that sickens one, or leaning cramped up over a desk, or trying to keep alive on restaurant food. Honestly, I haven't had a real meal since I left home," and then he tacked his eighth biscuit, and Mrs. Berton filled up his cup of tea for the fourth time.

When Sunday came, still dressed in his shabby clothes, he went to church with the Bertons, and was more than delighted at his reception. The good people who had known and liked him as a boy, had nothing but kindness and welcome for him, and several of the good men of the church who were school directors put their heads together and wondered if Enoch could get a certificate and teach the winter session, provided Lem Fisher went to Salem to live as was whispered.

The good pastor who had buried his parents, and set him an example of good living, all his city experiences had not effaced, came up with outstretched hands, and with tears rolling down his old face said earnestly:

"Welcome back my boy to the House of the Lord. It does my heart glad to see that you have not forgotten to whom thanks are due for your 'rudder' vouchsafed," and Enoch was glad that he could tell this excellent man that he had always gone to church each Sunday, although some of his companions had laughed at him.

"Everyone is so good to me," he told Milly as he sat by her side on the front porch that afternoon, with Mr. and Mrs. Berton taking their Sunday afternoon nap just inside in the parlor. "Why shouldn't we be, aren't you our friend?" she asked, and Enoch remembering the proud, beautiful face of the girl whose life he had saved, thanked Providence which had preserved him from her fascination for the love of this dear girl, for he hoped to win Milly, and not as the heir of his wealthy uncle, but as his own, penniless self, shabby, but independent.

Several days of hard work followed, in which Enoch fairly gloried in his strength and drank in the soft, mellowed air like one who had been starved for it. He had borrowed one of Bill's hats, as his own, a somewhat battered derby was not appropriate for his work, and with an old red sweater, and his face and hands now properly browned, he looked like a real farmer, just as he desired.

All the morning he had been gathering apples, reveling in their fragrance, and wondering how he had managed to put up with the stale ones, ripened in damp cellars, or cold storage, which were all he could buy in the city. The bees were humming about the hives; in the barnyard several cows stood about, having strayed in from the rich pasture. The grapes, purple, flecked with dusky bloom, hung heavily from the vines. By the gate were squashes, pumpkins and curiously twisted gourds and cranberries waiting for Mrs. Berton's practiced hand. The chickens scratched



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lazily in the warm sun, and several hens with late settings, clucked to their little broods. Over all hung the peaceful quiet and rich plenty of the bounteous harvest. By the back door, on a rustic seat he had mended for her but the day before, Enoch saw little Milly sitting paring apples for the great trays on the top of the wood shed, where Mrs. Berton was making her dried apple crop for winter use.

No city girl had ever appealed, in her fashionable finery to the young man, as did this simple country girl, to whom the harvest surroundings seemed but a fitting setting. Her head was covered by a quaint little bonnet she had made herself, with the aid of one of COMFORT's patterns, but her heavy braids gleamed golden in the bright sun, and her slender figure was enveloped in a spotlessly clean gingham apron.

Softly Enoch stole up behind her. Her brown eyes were bent upon her work, then he was astonished to see that she was not only paring apples, but she was applying one of the old tests they had enjoyed on Hallowe'en. As each paring fell from under her knife, she took it up and threw it from her, watching with eager eyes to see if it spelled an initial. As he bent over her, the paring dropped into something she evidently took to be an "E," for she whispered with a deep blush:

"Dear Enoch," then began to pare as though her life depended upon her securing another. The witchery was too much for Enoch. He had intended waiting for some time, at least until Hallowe'en, but his heart yearned so madly for her, he bent his head, and stole a kiss just as he had over four years before, beneath the old elm tree. As she started in surprise and her cheek flushed crimson, his only apology was:

"Stolen from a harvest ever in season Stolen fruit is always sweetest."

Her pan of apples fell to the ground, and Milly's sweet startled face was raised to his. The basket of apples he had been carrying, slipped from his grasp, and he dropped on one knee by her side, for she was so small, and he so tall, and drew her into his arms.

"Darling, I love you," he whispered, and Milly did not try to get away, but buried her blushing face on his shoulder.

The bees, impatient for water, mood softly. Neither spoke for a moment, the whole atmosphere seemed charged with joy, with the harvesting of happiness, with promises for many others.

"Tell me, Milly, can you love me?" Enoch whispered at last, trying to look into her shy face.

Milly nodded.

"You dear!" he cried, but he could only get to her little pink ear, which her sunbonnet no longer covered as it had fallen to the ground.

"Tell me, dearest," Enoch pleaded.

"What?" came in a whisper.

"That you love me."

"You know it."

"No, I don't. I can't be sure until you tell me," he said half jokingly, and then when she raised her head to speak, he kissed her again, on those pretty, sweet young lips.

"Enoch!" she protested.

"Don't I love you?" he asked.

"I guess you do," she admitted shyly, but fending him off with both upraised little, brown, apple stained hands.

"Don't you love me?"

The quick flush answered him.

"Well then, sweetheart, I not only am going

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to kiss you all I want, but you must kiss me," and Milly, out there in the midst of the fullness of the harvest days.

Then Enoch remembered, that in her eyes and those of her parents he was but a poor, dependent man, whose four years of work had produced nothing of material good, and so he said hesitatingly, for now came another test, and he hated to put it:

"Milly, darling, remember what I told you?"

"About what?"

"My life in the city."

Milly laughed gaily. "What of it? Enoch, dear, I would rather you came to me with empty pockets like you have than filled with a harvest of unworthy deeds," and as he clasped

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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## Reuben Jones at the County Fair

By Augustus C. Main and Comfort Joy

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

While Bessie Miller is calling at the home of Reuben Jones, to whom she is engaged, Barney Haycock stops and jokes Reuben on his success as a cattle buyer and intended move to Boston. Barney Haycock tells Bessie to tell her pa not to forget the meeting of the directors of the Fair Association, there's a big lot of things to act on. Her father is treasurer. Bessie wishes Reuben would be content to stay at home. While Bessie spends the evening with the Jones family, her father, Barney Haycock, Cornelius Cobb, Oliver P. Green and the other directors have a stormy meeting. In trying to make the fair an extra growth one they are confronted with the danger of a large debt, and the president, Barney Haycock, asks the secretary if he has received any more applications for licenses for shows or games. Plenty of shady ones and he reads three questionable ones. They are denounced by the president as immoral and indecent. Oliver Green thinks the chairman is assuming unwarrantable authority without putting them to vote, and moves they take a vote on these three proposals. Miles Miller, the father of Bessie, declares it's indecent and grossly demoralizing. Green, furious and stubborn, calls on the chair to put his motion to vote. Otis Horsfield records it and offers this amendment: "That these three proposals be accepted, provided the parties will pay fifty instead of thirty dollars each. It is adopted by a vote of four to three. Mr. Nye reads the next proposal: "We offer six hundred dollars for the exclusive privileges of operating our innocent games during the three days of the fair." The president declares the proposal impossible. The law forbids gambling and they would forfeit their five hundred dollars state aid. Horsfield thinks the last shows the sentiment of the majority and he moves the secretary be authorized to deal with these people and the motion is carried by a vote of four to three. Barney Haycock makes them realize the gravity of the situation; they have voted the dear old association as being in favor of immorality and crime, and begs them to reconsider the last two votes. They refuse and he tenders his resignation as president and Oliver P. Green is elected in his place. Miller is inclined to resign.

The fair opens and Mr. Miller turns his wife and daughter over to Reuben's care. While Bessie and Reuben are wandering about they meet Lucy Green, Frank Cobb, an admirer of hers, pays her little attention. He is infatuated with one of the British Blonds. Lucy meets Clarence Smart, head of the gambling concessions, listens to his flattery, and draws a comparison unfavorable to Frank.

The second day Bessie is with her father when Smart pays the second three hundred dollars. Mr. Miller's conscience troubles him and he feels a strange foreboding of trouble. Bessie does not seem much of Reuben. He runs across the various gambling devices and feels too wise to be roped in. Later in the day a game, known as the "Thimble rig," attracts his attention. A confederate advises Reuben to begin with five dollars, he loses, bets ten and wins, bets twenty and wins. Proud of his success he bets one hundred and wins, then two hundred and loses. Turning to ask advice of the obliging stranger he sees Simpy Sykes, generally considered the town fool, who stammering remarks, "Never play a man at his own game." Reuben hangs to the hopeless game until his \$3,000.00 is gone. He realizes that he not only is a ruined man but a criminal. He finds Bessie and tells her the whole story. A dead disgrace is sooner forgotten than a living one. There is only one thing for him to do. Bessie is stunned but regaining her will power she reaches into his pocket and withdraws his pistol. He has been a fool, don't be a coward. She will help him live it down. He tries to slip away from her.

### PART II.

BESSIE tossed his pistol into the bushes and putting both her arms about his neck she said resolutely:

"We must live this down together, and when I said, 'I will help you to do it,' that means that I can help. You are distracted, temporarily insane, and are unfit to look after your own interests just now. Come home with me and promise me, that until tomorrow night you will do just as I say. Promise me, you can't deny me this much, for our love's sake," and her brave voice trembled a little. "I shouldn't think you'd care what became of such a worthless wretch," Reuben said hopelessly, "but I'll promise." How could he do otherwise?

"That's my good boy," she whispered, stroking his arm, "and now stay here until I return," and she left him in search of her father.

Mr. Miller was indescribably shocked at her report, but had no suggestions to offer, although he said: "It's awful, but it's fortunate you hadn't married him."

"But I shall marry him just the same, father. He has been foolish; he is to blame, but not so much at fault as those who for filthy lucre put temptation in his way. You are more criminal than he, for you carry in your pocket the crime-stained money that was the price of his ruin. We must stand by him and save him."

"I will do anything in my power to help him out, but you shall never marry him," said Mr. Miller. "What can I do?"

Bessie wisely overlooked the first part of his speech, and answered the latter part: "First order all your constables to search the grounds and arrest every member of this gang of gamblers."

"But we promised them protection." "An unlawful promise in the sight of God and man which you had no right to make, and therefore it is your duty to break it," and Bessie's eyes flashed as she said it.

"But it will expose the action of the board in licensing these gamblers."

"Never mind that. It is bound to come out, and if no one else exposes it, I shall for Reuben's sake, and as a warning to the community," she firmly replied, and Mr. Miller knew she would. He followed her commands, and investigations proved that every member of the gang had departed immediately after the shell game man had disappeared with Reuben's money, and further inquiry in the town showed no trace of any of them, except that all of the gang save Smart had left town on the west-bound afternoon train without bothering to call at their lodgings for their baggage. No trace whatever could be found of Smart.

Bessie's cousin, John Goodwin, an active young lawyer from the shire town, was at the fair, and she managed to hunt him out in the crowd just as he was leaving for home. She laid the matter before him, and he promised to stay over night and help her out.

The sheriff of the county with a number of his deputies were in attendance, and Goodwin prevailed on him to telephone a description of all the gamblers to all his deputies with orders to arrest at sight, and to direct them to make a special search for Smart, who, so far as could be learned, had not boarded any train. Orders were telephoned ahead to search the train and arrest any of the gang found there, but they had either left the train or could not be identified by the officers. It was seven o'clock when the sheriff and Goodwin met Reuben at the Millers for a consultation.

"They seem to have made good their escape, and I see no hope of catching any member of the gang," said the sheriff.

"How far are you willing to go in this effort to make Reuben whole for the loss of his money?" Goodwin asked Bessie.

"To the full extent of the law." "Well, then it is my opinion that in case you catch these gamblers, the managers of the fair can be made to refund every dollar of it, though of course that will involve your father," said the lawyer.

"I'll gladly stand my share," said Miller, promptly. "Don't hesitate on my account."

"I have an idea that Smart is still about town, and can be trapped yet," broke in Bessie.

"Tell us why," asked her cousin, "because if we get him we will find Reuben's identical money on him. To be sure the other man got it away from Reuben, but he would not dare take the risk of being arrested with the money on him."

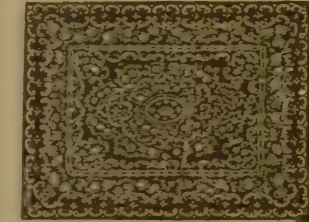
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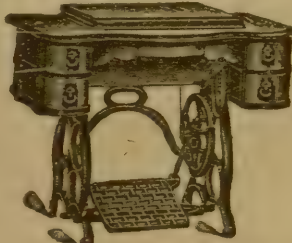
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"Well," said Bessie, "I've read that the great detectives say, that in the majority of cases a woman is the means of catching the criminal. This man Smart has been attentive to Lucy Green. She confessed that much to me today, and I suspect from the guilty way she acted that she had arranged a clandestine meeting with him for tonight. I tried to put her on her guard, but she is a soft, sentimental, inexperienced young girl, and I could see that she was completely infatuated. I believe he means her ruin, and is probably lurking about to keep his appointment with her this evening. I supposed her folks know about it, but if he meets her tonight, after all that's happened, of course it will be on the sly."

"That seems probable," said the lawyer, "and if it is the fact, we must make an immediate move. If Lucy Green is the bait, we must watch her."

It was a beautiful night and the full moon made it almost as light as day, as the party consisting of the sheriff, Goodwin, Reuben, Mr. Miller and Bessie, in two carriages drove over to Green's. On the way they met Manager Cobb's son Frank out driving with his British blond.

Stopping at Cobb's house to make inquiry and ask assistance, they received a very cool reception from Cobb and his wife, who said that Reuben had made a fool of himself and must suffer the consequences, and that the management of the fair ought not to be brought into dispute by making all this fuss.

But their attitude changed like a flash when Mr. Miller remarked:

"Perhaps you feel as little interest in the fact that your son Frank is trying to keep his spirited colt in the road with one hand, while his other arm is busy trying to hold one of the tipsy British Blondes on the seat by his side."

The blow was cruel, but effective. Mr. Cobb cursed the whole theatrical and dancing outfit, while Mrs. Cobb wailed hysterically:

"The shameless hussy, she's corrupted my poor, innocent boy. He has always been so bashful with the girls, and he never knew the taste or smell of liquor. Do you think she has gotten him to drink, too?"

"Couldn't say if she has, but indications point pretty strongly that she will before she's done with him," was Miller's consoling reply.

Poor Mrs. Cobb broke out again: "I shall die if she makes a drunkard of my poor boy," and then she turned and vented her wrath on her husband.

"Cornelius, this is scandalous! You managers ought to be prosecuted for bringing these dreadful women into town. You and Johnnie harness up the other two teams and try to rescue poor Frankie."

When the party reached the Green home, they found Lucy had been gone from home for nearly

an hour, having told her parents she had an engagement to spend the evening with Gertrude Nye. Without informing the Greens of their suspicions with regard to Lucy, they drove hastily to the Nyes, only to find that Lucy had not been there and that Gertrude knew nothing about her. The situation was explained to them, and Mr. Nye and his two sons joined the posse. It was believed that Lucy had concealed herself in the woods or bushes on the road between her home and the Nye place to wait for her lover, so the men spread out along the road, concealed themselves, and waited results, while Mr. Miller and Bessie drove back to the Greens to inform them of just what had happened.

On learning the facts, Mrs. Green fainted, and Mr. Green and his son each armed with an old

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# MADDY'S TEMPTATION

CHAPTER I.

THE APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

THE good people of Devonshire were rather given to quarreling—sometimes about the minister's wife, meek, gentle Mrs. Tiverton; sometimes about the minister himself, good, patient Mr. Tiverton, who vainly imagined that if he preached three sermons a week, attended the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, the Thursday evening sewing society, officiated at every funeral, visited all the sick, besides superintending the Sunday school, he was earning his salary of six hundred per year.

Sometimes the quarrel crept into the choir, and then, for one whole Sunday, it was all in vain that Mr. Tiverton read the psalm and hymn, casting troubled glances toward the vacant seats of his refractory singers.

Latterly, however, there had come up a new cause of quarrel; there were in the town several district schools, and for the last few years a committee of three had been annually appointed to examine and decide upon the merits of the various candidates for teaching, giving to each, if the decision were favorable, a little slip of paper certifying their qualifications to teach a common-school. When Mr. Tiverton, Squire Lamb, and the Lawyer Whitmore, refused a certificate of scholarship to Laura Tisdale, niece of Mrs. Judge Tisdale, and awarded it to one whose earnings in a factory had procured for her a thorough English education, the villagers were indignant, the aristocracy abusing, and the democracy upholding the dismayed trio, who, as the breeze blew harder, quietly resigned their office, and Devonshire was without a school committee.

In the emergency something must be done. Only two months before, young Dr. Holbrook, a native of Boston, had rented the pleasant little office on the village common formerly occupied by old Dr. Carey. Besides being handsome, and skillful, the young doctor was descended from the aristocratic line of Boston Holbrooks, facts which tended to make him a favorite with both classes; and, greatly to his surprise, he found himself unanimously elected to the responsible office of sole Inspector of Common Schools in Devonshire. It was in vain that he remonstrated, saying he knew nothing whatever of the qualifications requisite for a teacher; that he could not talk to girls, young ones especially. The people would not listen. Somebody must examine the teachers, and that somebody might as well be Dr. Holbrook as anybody.

"Only be strict with 'em, draw the reins tight, find out to your satisfaction whether a gal knows her P's and Q's before you give her a stick," said Colonel Lewis, the democratic potentate to whom Dr. Holbrook was expressing his fears that he should not give satisfaction. Then, as a bright idea suggested itself to the old gentleman, he added:

"I tell you what, just cut one or two at first; that'll give you a name for being particular, which is just the thing."

Accordingly with no definite idea as to what was expected of him, except that he was to find out "whether a girl knew her P's and Q's," and was also to "cut one or two of the first candidates," Dr. Holbrook accepted the office, and then awaited rather nervously his initiation. He was not easy in the society of ladies, unless the lady stood in need of his professional services. His patient once well, he became nervously shy and embarrassed, retreating as soon as possible from her presence to the covert of his friendly office, where, with his boots upon the table and his head thrown back in a most comfortable position, he sat one April morning, in happy oblivion of the bevy of girls who must, of course, ere long invade his sanctum.

"Something for you, sir. The lady will wait for an answer," said his "chore boy," passing to the doctor a note, and nodding toward the street.

Following the direction indicated, the doctor saw, drawn up near the door, an old-fashioned one-horse wagon, such as is still occasionally seen in New England, drawn by a sorrel horse, and driven by a white-haired man, whose silvery locks gave to him a pleasing patriarchal appearance, which interested the doctor far more than did the flutter of the blue ribbon beside him, even though the bonnet that ribbon tied shaded the face of a young girl. The note was from her, and, tearing it open, the doctor read:

"Dr. Holbrook:

"Sir.—Will you be at leisure to examine me on Monday afternoon, at the clock?"

"P. S.—For particular reasons can you attend to me as early as Monday?"

Dr. Holbrook knew very little of girls, but he thought this note, with its P. S. decidedly girlish. Still he made no comment, either verbal or mental, so flurried was he with knowing that the evil he so much dreaded had come upon him at last, and turning to the boy, he said laconically, "Tell her to come."

Most men would have sought for a glimpse of the face, but Dr. Holbrook did not care a penny whether it was ugly or fair, though it did strike him that the voice was singularly sweet, which, after the boy had delivered his message, said to the old man, "Now, grandpa, we'll go home. I know you must be tired."

Slowly Sorrel trotted down the street, the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind, while one little un-gloved hand was seen carefully adjusting about the old man's shoulders the ancient camel cloak which had done duty for many a year. The doctor saw all this, and the impression left upon his mind was that Candidate No. 1 was probably a niceish kind of girl, and very good to her grandfather. But what should he ask her? Monday afternoon was frightfully near, and feeling that he must be ready, he brought out from his trunk books enough to have frightened an older person than poor little Madeline Clyde. How she would have trembled could she have seen the formidable volumes, into which poor Madeline had never so much as looked. Arranging them in a row, and half-wishing himself back again to the days when he had studied them, the doctor went out to visit his patients, of which there were so many that Madeline Clyde entirely escaped his mind, nor did she trouble him again until the dreaded Monday came, and the hands of his watch pointed to two.

"One hour more," he said to himself, just as the roll of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the approach of some thing.

Could it be Sorrel and the square-boxed wagon? Oh, no; far different from Grandfather Clyde's turnout were the stylish carriage and the spirited horses dashing down the street, the colored driver reining them suddenly, not before the office door, but just in front of the white cottage in the same yard, the house where Dr. Holbrook boarded.

"Guy Remington, the very chap of all others whom I'd rather see, and as I live, there's Agnes with Jessie. Who knew she was in those parts?" was the doctor's mental exclamation, and he hurried out to the carriage, from which a dashing-looking young lady of thirty, or thereabouts, was alighting.

"Why, Agnes, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Remington, when did you come?" he asked, offering his hand to the lady, who gave him the tips of her lavender kids, while she told him she had come to Aikenside the Saturday before; and hearing from Guy that the lady with whom he boarded was an old friend of hers, she had driven over to call, and brought Jessie with her. "Here, Jessie, speak to the doctor. He was poor dear papa's friend," and a low sigh escaped

Agnes Remington's lips as she pushed a little curly-haired girl toward Dr. Holbrook.

The lady of the house had spied them by this time, and came running down the walk, wondering to what she was indebted for this from one who, since her marriage with the supposedly wealthy Dr. Remington, had rather cut her former acquaintances. Agnes was delighted to see her, and the two disappeared within the door, while the doctor and Guy repaired to the office, the latter sitting down in the very chair intended for Madeline Clyde. This reminded the doctor of his perplexity, and also brought the comforting thought that Guy, who had never failed him yet, could surely offer some suggestions. But he would not speak of her just now; he had other matters to talk about, and so, jamming his penknife into a pine table covered with similar jams, he said: "Agnes, it seems, has come to Aikenside, notwithstanding she declared she never would, when she found that the whole of the Remington property belonged to your mother, and not to your father."

"Oh, yes! She got over her pique as soon as I settled a handsome little income on Jessie, and in fact, on her too, until she is foolish enough to marry again, when it will cease, of course, as I do not feel it my duty to support any man's wife, unless it be my own, or my father's," was Guy Remington's reply; whereupon the penknife went again into the table, while he continued: "She'll hardly marry again, though she may. She's young—not over twenty-six—"

"Twenty-eight, if the family Bible does not lie; but she'd never forgive me if she knew I told you that. So let it pass that she is twenty-six. She certainly is not more than three years your senior, a mere nothing, if you wish to make her Mrs. Holbrook," and Guy's dark eyes scanned curiously the doctor's face, as if seeking



"ONE HOUR MORE, HE SAID TO HIMSELF."



"WHY, AGNES, I BEG YOUR PARDON, MRS. REMINGTON, WHEN DID YOU COME?"

ing there for the secret of his proud young step-mother's anxiety to visit plain Mrs. Conner that afternoon. But the doctor only laughed merrily at the idea of his being father to Guy, his college chum and long-tried friend.

Agnes Remington—reclining languidly in Mrs. Conner's easy chair—would not have felt particularly flattered, could she have seen that smile, or heard how easily, from talking of her, Dr. Holbrook turned to another theme, to Madeline Clyde, expected now almost every moment. There was a merry laugh on Guy's part, as he listened to the doctor's story, and, when it was finished, he said:

"Why, I see nothing so very distasteful in examining a pretty girl, and puzzling her, to see her blush. I but wish I were in our place. I should enjoy the novelty of the thing."

"Take my place, Guy," the doctor exclaimed, eagerly. "She does not know me from Adam. Here are books, all you will need. You went to a district school once a week when you were staying in the country. You surely have some idea, while I have not the slightest. Will you, Guy?" he persisted, as he heard wheels in the street, and was sure old Sorrel had come again.

Guy Remington liked anything savoring of a frolic, but in his mind there were certain conscientious scruples touching the justness of the thing, and so at first he demurred, while the doctor still insisted, until at last he laughingly consented to commence the examination, provided the doctor would sit by and occasionally come to his aid.

"You must write the certificate, of course," he said, "testifying that she is qualified to teach."

"Yes, certainly, Guy, if she is; but maybe she won't be, and my orders are to be strict."

"How did she look?" Guy asked, and the doctor replied:

"Saw nothing but her bonnet. Came in a queer old go-giggle of a wagon, such as your country farmers drive. Guess she won't be likely to stir up the bile of either of us, particularly as I am bullet-proof, and you have been engaged for years. By the way, when do you cross the sea again for the fair Lucy? Rumor says this summer."

"Rumor is wrong, as usual, then," was Guy's reply. "Miss Atherstone's health is far too delicate for her to incur the risks of a climate like ours. If she were well acclimated, I should be glad, for it is terribly lonely up at Aikenside."

"And do you really think a wife would make it pleasant?" Dr. Holbrook asked, the tone of his voice indicating a little doubt as to a man's being happier for having a helpmate to share his joys and sorrows.

But no such doubts dwelt in the mind of Guy Remington. He looked forward anxiously to the time when sweet Lucy Atherstone, to whom he had become engaged when, four years before, he

visited Europe, should be strong enough to bear transplanting to American soil. Twice since his engagement he had visited her, finding her always lovely, gentle and yielding. Too yielding, it sometimes seemed to him, while occasionally the thought had flashed upon him that she did not possess a very remarkable depth of intellect. But he did not care; he hated strong-minded women, and would far rather his wife should be a little weak than masculine. Yes, he greatly preferred Lucy Atherstone, as she was. He was satisfied with his choice; a fairer, sweeter flower never bloomed than Lucy Atherstone, his affianced bride. Guy loved to think of Lucy, and as the doctor's remarks brought her to his mind, he went off into a reverie concerning her, becoming so lost in thought that until the doctor's hand was laid upon his shoulder by way of rousing him, he did not see that what his friend had designated as a go-giggle was stopping in front of the office, and that from it a young girl was alighting.

The white-haired man was with her again, but he evidently did not intend to stop, and a close observer might have detected a shade of sadness and anxiety upon his face as Madeline called cheerily out to him:

"Good-by, grandpa. Don't fear for me; I hope you will have good luck." Then as he drove away, she ran a step after him and said: "Don't look so sorry, for if Mr. Remington won't let you have the money, there's my pony, Beauty. I am willing to give him up."

"Never, Maddy. It's all the little fortin' you've got. I'll let the old place go first," and the old man drove on, while Madeline walked with a beating heart, to the office door, knocking timidly.

Glancing involuntarily at each other, the young men exchanged meaning smiles, while the doctor said softly: "Verdant—that's sure. Wonder if she'd knock at church?"

As Guy sat nearest the door, it was he who held it ajar while Madeline came in, her soft brown eyes glistening with something like a tear, and her cheeks burning with excitement as she took the chair indicated by Guy Remington, who found himself master of ceremonies.

Poor little Madeline!

## CHAPTER II.

THE CANDIDATE.

Madge her schoolmates called her, because the name suited her, they said; but Maddy they called her at home, and there was a world of unutterable tenderness in the voices of her grandparents, when they said that name, while their dim eyes lightened up with pride and joy

before me taught a school when they were only fourteen and a half. Do I look as young as that?" and for an instant the bright, childish face scanned itself eagerly in the old-fashioned mirror, with the figure of an eagle on the top. "If my hair were not short I should do better. What a pity I cut it the last time; it would have been so long and splendid now," she continued, giving a kind of contemptuous pull at the thick, beautiful brown hair on whose glossy surface there was in certain lights a reddish tinge which added to its beauty.

"Never mind the hair, Maddy," the old man said, gazing fondly at her with a half sigh, as he remembered another brown head, pillowed now beneath the graveyard turf. "Maybe you won't pass muster, and then the hair will make no difference. There's a new committee man, that Dr. Holbrook from Boston, and new ones are apt to be mighty strict."

Instantly Maddy's face flushed as she thought: "What if I should fail?" fancying that to do so would be an eternal disgrace. But she should not, though she did dread Dr. Holbrook, wondering much what he would ask her first, and hoping it would be something in arithmetic. She had no fears of grammar. She could pick out the most obscure sentences, and dissect a double relative with perfect ease; then, as to geography, she could repeat whole pages of that, while in the spelling-book, the foundation of a thorough education, as she had been taught, she had no superiors and but a very few equals. Still she would be very glad when it was over, and she appointed Monday, both because it was close at hand and because that was the day her grandfather had set in which to ride to Aikenside, in an adjoining town, and ask its young master for the loan of three hundred dollars.

He could hardly tell her that he had thought of applying to Guy Remington for help, it were that he once had saved the life of Guy's father, who, as long as he lived, had evinced a great regard for his benefactor, frequently asserting that he meant to do something for him. But the something was never done, the father was dead, and in his strait the old man turned to the son, whom he knew to be very rich, and who he had been told was exceedingly generous.

"How I wish I could go with you clear up to Aikenside! They say it's so beautiful," Madeline had said, on Saturday evening, they sat discussing the expected events of the following Monday. "Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper, had Sarah Jones there once, to sew, and she told me all about it. There are graveled walks, and nice green lawns, and big, tall trees, and flowers—oh! so many!—and marble fountains, with gold fishes in the basin; and statues, big as folks, all over the yard, with two brass lions on the gateposts. But the house is finest of all. There's a drawing-room bigger than a ballroom, with carpets that let your feet sink in so far; pictures and mirrors clear to the floor—think of that, grandpa! a looking-glass so tall that one can see the very bottom of their dress and know just how it hangs. Oh, I do so wish I could have a peep at it! There are two in one room, and the windows are like doors, with lace curtains; but what is queerest of all, the chairs and sofas are covered with real silk, just like that funny, gored gown of grandma's up in the oak chest. Dear me! I wonder if I'll ever live in such a place as Aikenside!"

"No, no, Maddy, no. Be satisfied with the lot where God has put you, and don't be longing after something higher. Our Father in heaven knows just what is best for us; and He didn't see fit to put you up at Aikenside, 'tain't no ways unlikely you'll ever live in the like of it." "Not unless I should marry a rich man. Poor girls like me have sometimes done that, haven't they?" was Maddy's demure reply.

Grandpa Markham shook his head. "They have, but it's mostly their ruin, so don't build castles in the air about this Guy Remington."

"Me! Oh, Grandpa, I never dreamed of Mr. Guy!" and Madeline blushed half indignantly. "He's too rich, too aristocratic, though Sarah said he didn't act one bit proud, and was so pleasant, the servants all worship him, and Mrs. Noah thinks him good enough for the queen of England. I shall think so, too, if he lets you have the money. How I wish it was Monday night, so we could know sure!"

"Perhaps we both shall be terribly disappointed," suggested grandpa, but Maddy was more hopeful.

All that night she was working to pay the debt, giving the money herself into the hands of Guy Remington, the tall, handsome-looking man she had so often heard described by Sarah Jones after her return from Aikenside. Even the next day, when, by her grandfather's side, Maddy knelt reverently in the small, time-worn church at Honedale, her thoughts were wandering more to the tomorrow and Aikenside, than to the sacred words her lips were uttering. She knew it was wrong, and with a nervous start would try to bring her mind back from the dreaded examination to what the minister was saying; but Maddy was mortal, and right in the midst of before her, together with the wonder how she and her grandfather would feel one week from that Sabbath day. Would the desired certificate be hers or would she be disgraced forever and ever by a rejection? Would the mortgage be paid and her grandfather at ease, or would his heart be breaking with the knowing he must leave what had been his home for so many years? Not that was it with the good old man beside her, whose white locks were not the large lettered book over which his wrinkled face was bent, as he joined in the responses, or said the prayers whose words had over him so soothing an influence, carrying his thoughts upward to the house not made with hands, which he felt assured would one day be his. Grandpa Markham was old in the Christian course, while Maddy could hardly be said to have commenced as yet, and so to her that April Sunday was long and wearisome.

With the earliest dawn, however, she was up, and her grandmother heard her repeating to herself much of what she dreaded Dr. Holbrook might question her upon. Even when bending over the wash-tub, a book was arranged before her, so that she could study with her eyes, while her small fat hands and dimpled arms were busy in the suds. Before ten o'clock everything was done, the clothes were swinging on the line, the kitchen floor was scrubbed, the windows washed, the best room swept, the vegetables cleaned for dinner, and then Maddy's work was finished. Swiftly flew the hours until it was time to be getting ready. Would Dr. Holbrook think of her age? Suppose he should ask it! If Mr. Green thought her old enough, surely it was not a matter with which the doctor need trouble himself; and somewhat at ease on that point, Madeline donned her longest frock, pinned on her little neat plaid shawl, and, tying the blue ribbons of her coarse straw hat, glanced once more at the formidable cube root, and then hurried down to where her grandfather and old Sorrel were waiting for her.

"I shall be happy when I come back, because it will then be over," she said to her grandmother, who bent down for the good by kiss without which Maddy never left her.

"Now, grandpa, drive on: I was to be there at three," and chirruping herself to Sorrel, the impatient Maddy went riding from the cottage door, chatting cheerily until the village of Devonshire was reached; then, with a farewell to her grandfather, who never dreamed that the man whom he was seeking was so near, she tripped up the flagging walk, and soon stood in the presence of not only Dr. Holbrook, but also of Guy Remington.

Poor, poor little Maddy!

TO BE CONTINUED.











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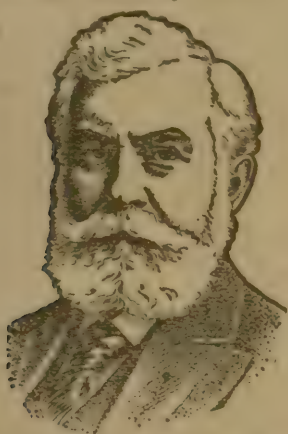
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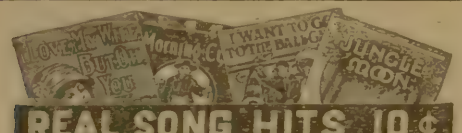
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**Talks with Girls**

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**W**ELL, well, October is here and the summer of 1909 has gone for good to join the other summers that remain to us only in memory. But most of them are bright and sunny yet as we look at the falling leaves and breathe the hazy air of this most delightful month we needn't worry a minute about the summer, but get all the good out of what we have and be thankful that it is so good. There is a feeling of sadness in the falling leaves and we shiver a little at times thinking of the cold, bleak days that are to come before long, but we needn't worry about them either. Let's don't worry about anything, even the work that we have to do and must get at this very minute.

The first letter I open is from Sweetheart Kate of Salinas, California, and she is much disturbed over her mother's objections to the young man she loves and who loves her. As she is now eighteen she ought to be able to obey her mother for three years more, then she can do as she pleases. As the only objections are his poverty and the fact that he is ten years older than she is, I don't think such objections count for much.

Two Girls, Harleton, Texas.—You are all young yet and very young people in their love affairs are extremely irresponsible and sensitive. Don't worry over these small matters; you'll have troubles enough after you marry, real troubles.

New Sub, Swannville, Texas.—When you are off with the old love and on with the new, you must forget the old one and stand by the new. (2) How can you love a jealous man? Do you love to be suspected always of doing something wrong? Love some other kind of a man. (3) Don't let your parents spoil your life happiness by choosing a husband for you. Better not marry than marry to please somebody else, even if the somebody else is the man who wants you to marry him. At the same time don't marry a man simply because you love him, if he is not worthy of your love. Correspond with as many as you please, unless you are engaged.

Two Birdies, Benton Harbor, Mich.—Two birdies had better wait till they are old enough to get out of the nest before asking questions about beans. Don't you have school-books to think about?

Brown Eyes, Valley Park, Mo.—Why shouldn't you go with the young man if the stories told are not true and you know they are not? You don't tell lies keep you away from friends, do you? (2) Engaged couples may walk with their arms around each other if they want to, but everybody will laugh at them for such a public display.

L. F. A., Salzer, W. Va.—If the young man neglects you because you won't marry him till you are old enough to marry, you should be glad to get rid of him, for he will be sure to neglect you a good deal more after he has married you. That kind always does.

T. M. L., McDowell, W. Va.—Wait till you know he is all right before you marry him. Marrying a stranger is a very risky way of getting better acquainted.

Wild Rose, Princeton, Minn.—Although he has the drinking habit so that he breaks his promises to you you still think he is "good and attractive," do you? What is there good and attractive in that kind of a sweetheart? And as a husband he will be worse. If you don't give him up now, you will wish later that you had. (2) Have as many come to see you as will come, if they are nice and you are not engaged. (3) Accept no presents or attentions of any sort from married men.

Sud-heated Kid, Morlie, Ky.—If he hasn't the courage to come to you and ask you to take him back, he isn't worth taking back. Let him go. (2) No kissing unless engaged and make him give you picture back.

Anxious Girl, Charleston, S. C.—You cannot be told how to be popular with the young men. You must study them and their tastes and act accordingly. (2) It is your place to ask the young man to call if you want him to. (3) The only proper way to meet the young man is to be introduced by someone who knows you both. Any other way is "dirtier" as you call it, and you say you will not flirt.

Withering Rose, Levering, Mich.—Stop withering, dear, and with your beauty and grace, you can easily find some other just as good in some other place. P. S. But for goodness' sake don't fall in love with a married man.

The Miller's Daughter, Winneconne, Wis.—Your letter reads most too much like a society play to be convincing, but there is enough in it to compel the conclusion that Billy, the villain, is as much of a knave as Miss G., the heroine, is a fool. Do what you can to help Miss G., but take Billy out somewhere and break his neck.

Rosemary, Hilda, Ky.—I think, my dear, that you do not owe very much to your parents under the circumstances, and if you wait till you are twenty-one, or even earlier, and marry the man you ought to marry, your disobedience will not be counted very much against you.

Broken-hearted, Adams, Tenn.—As you are not at all to blame in obeying your parents against the young man and he acts up with you on their account, I believe it would be wise for you to let him stay mad.

Troubled Violet, Lawrence, Kans.—It is much easier and better to break an engagement than to get a divorce, therefore break the engagement.

Perplexed, Strawberry Point, Ia.—You ought to know more about his attentions, my dear, than I do. To me it looks as if he wanted you for keeps. Wait a little and see what he has to say.

Touch-me-not, Georgetown, Texas.—I don't think he is very much in love with you, because he is not the kind who loves deeply, and still he may be all right and be glad enough to marry you when the time is up. You can wait another year and see. In the mean time be nice and pleasant to him, but let him do the courting, which he will do if he loves you.

K. Robe, Wash.—The young man isn't the polite kind or he would not neglect you at dances away from your town. Can't you find something better than he is to fall in love with?

**AGENTS WANTED**

Sell our Big \$1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 30 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everybody buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 30 Lake St., Chicago

**CATARRH**

**MEDICINE ON TRIAL** If your ring or nose, or your hearing is affected; if you have eyeache, water or burn, or sight is failing; if you have cough, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in nose, irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, we will send you on fifteen days approval a special course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications. Which is a most effective remedy we will use you. Our famous \$7.00 Steam Vaporizer and Inhaler without charge. Send \$1.00 for a valuable 64 page illustrated manual, together with a bottle of Catarrh Medicine. Responder worth their weight in gold. TREATMENT RESPONSER. GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 789 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE**

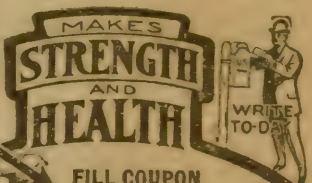
Send \$1.00 for a valuable 64 page illustrated manual, together with a bottle of Catarrh Medicine. Responder worth their weight in gold. TREATMENT RESPONSER. GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 789 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline**

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you."



**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY**—Loss of Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES**—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS**—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

**CATARRH**—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running, Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES**—General Debility, Paleness, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Puzzled Brunette, Gaston, Ark.—Choose the school teacher. I think the other one isn't much good. Still, if you are not sure which one, don't take either. Wait for the right one.

Larona, New Washington, O.—He doesn't care very much about you if he doesn't write to you and you want him to, does he? Don't be too anxious about the one who has gone away. Wait a little and see how he turns out.

Blue Bell, Goldendale, Wash.—Perhaps your home might be pleasant, but, my dear child, and you are only a child, do you think you would improve matters any by marrying the first man who asks you? Many girls of sixteen make very serious mistakes when they become dissatisfied with their homes. One thing be sure of, if you marry just to get away from a home you don't like, you will not stand much chance of getting a better one.

Broken-hearted Maude, Steubenville, O.—You can only wait for him to come back of his own will. If he wills to stay away, you can only wait.

Troubled Lassie, Troy, Kans.—I think you and your mother and the young fellow will be able to overcome all difficulties. Don't worry.

May, Vermillion, Ill.—Go right along being a little lady all the time and don't let the boys hug and kiss you, and by the right one will come and you won't have to ask anybody's advice. Don't try to win anybody; let him do the winning.

There, dears, I have answered most of the questions you have asked, though I had to send some of you to other departments, and I hope you are feeling good after our talk. I know I am because I have been trying to help all of you, and it makes anybody feel good to help others. Did you ever try it very much? Now, by, till we meet again in the Thanksgiving month.

COUSIN MARION.

**EVERY LADY READ THIS.**

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.



Absorbent —Linen—

**"Oxfordettes"**

SANITARY AND CONVENIENT

Half dozen in plain box sent by mail upon receipt of thirty cents in postage stamps

OXFORD LINEN MILLS

10 Oxford Street North Brookfield, Mass.

Lady agents wanted. Exclusive territory.

**25 Beautiful Thanksgiving Post Cards 10¢**

For 10¢ we will send you 25 beautiful Thanksgiving Post Cards of different kinds, every one printed in colors, some with gold and some with silver on them and deeply embossed. Every card has the glorious American Turkey pictured on it in gorgeous colors. Remember your friends with a beautiful Thanksgiving Post Card printed in striking colors. Ellis Art Co., Dept. 201, 321 Lawndale Ave., Chicago.

**WE PAY ALL TRANSPORTATION CHARGES ON DOLL AND DELIVER IT RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR FREE YOU HAVE NO EXPRESS CHARGES TO PAY**

**Big Doll Free**

The GREATEST PREMIUM Offer Ever Made by a Reliable Firm

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get four people to accept our liberal 25¢ offer

This handsome doll has a bisque head, curly hair, lace trimmed dress and collar, jointed arms, shoes and stockings that can be taken off and is one of the best dolls ever given away on such a liberal offer. Any girl can earn this doll in a few minutes by distributing only four Sets of Our Beautiful Gold Embossed Floral Post Cards to four people on our liberal 25¢ offer, collecting 25 cents from each person, making \$1.00 altogether. Just think of it! All you have to do is to get only four people to accept our great 25¢ offer and we will send you the doll. ALL TRANSPORTATION CHARGES PREPAID, at once.

**DON'T SEND ANY MONEY!**

Just send your name and address and we will send you the four sets of post cards and complete outfit by return mail. You will be pleased to find how easy it is to earn this beautiful doll. Write today. It costs you nothing to try. Do it now. Address

M. O. Seitz, Sectry. Post Card Dept. 52 C, CHICAGO







225 MYRICK BUILDING, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



**Prices**  
**\$12.95**  
**to**  
**\$27.50**

Sent on Approval  
Six Months to Pay

**THE CLEMENT CO.**  
410 Franklin Street CHICAGO, ILL.

**of MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 2¢**  
 catalog of 1900 other  
 tricks we will send you a set of Trick Cards with full secret directions for  
 only 5¢. With these cards you can change lights to tons or acres, "red  
 cards to black, spaces to hearts or clubs etc., just as you desire, and no one  
 can detect it. **DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 15, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.**

**Lessing to Women!** Two-cent stamp will  
 bring Catalogue of Toilet

**SEND US 3c. STAMPS, FOR POSTAGE AND WE WILL SEND YOU TEN FINE SAMPLE POST CARDS, AND OUR BIG SURPRISE OFFER. BEAUTIFUL COLORS, PRETTY DESIGNS. BIG OFFER.**  
**POST CARD HOUSE, 157 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE FREE FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER**

To every one who sends us the entire eight pieces pasted together correctly we will award as a prize one of our beautiful many colored pictures, size 16x20 inches, either this same subject, "Touch Her If You Dare," or one equally valuable from a very large variety. All you do is to send with your answer 4 one-cent stamps to help pay mailing expenses on your picture. These pictures are beautifully colored in many colors and are an ornament to any home, just send your solution with 4 one-cent stamps to pay mailing expenses and we will send you the picture by return mail and make you another offer that will surprise and amaze you. Cut out the pieces today and see if you can put them together so as to make the original picture, then send us with the 4 one-cent stamps if you want the valuable picture award and want to know what our surprise offer is. Send to:

**POPULAR FASHIONS, Department 480, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you these splendid qualities, and then you will say to continue further. It will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes. So my readers, if you want to know the truth, get an experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment absolutely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one who you can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. After all, the very best of all is to have your own personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs the test? Write me and I will send you the box gladly send you a fifty-cent Box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 280 D Joliet, Illinois.



**Agate** Any name made in Gold Wire mounted 5 yrs. Send 12c for your name in pin and we will send as free present, package of the better grade post cards. Satisfaction guaranteed. Greely Jewelry Co., Portland, Me.

**25 Solid Gold Floral Post Cards 10c**

**RED-WETTING** Sure Cure. Give age. Sample fr  
Boetger Chem. Co., Peoria,

**25 Lovely Flower Cards 10c**  
Solid Gold, Silver & Green Backgrounds

**130-Page Book sent  
free with testimonials  
of thousands cured,  
at their homes.**

Address **DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO.**  
Most Successful Cancer Specialists Living.  
1201 & 1203 N. 12th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.  
**KINDLY SEND TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER**



# Comfort's Second Grand Prize Offer

## 863 CASH PRIZES WE SHALL GIVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

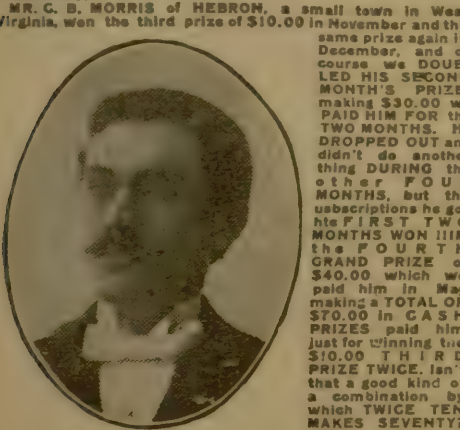


E. Wagoner Who Won \$875.00

SEE WHAT A GREAT THING THIS DOUBLING UP PROCESS DID FOR MR. E. WAGONER. He won the \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE only three months and the \$25.00 SECOND PRIZE THREE MONTHS, but the DOUBLING UP of his MONTHLY PRIZES together with the \$250.00 CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE which also TUMBLED to him, made up the handsome sum of \$875.00 which he won and we paid him in the short space of SIX MONTHS besides BIG VALUE IN PREMIUMS and commissions. He won the \$25.00 SECOND PRIZE in NOVEMBER and we paid him \$25.00. In December he won the FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00, and DOUBLING IT we paid him \$100.00. In January he DROPPED DOWN again to SECOND PRIZE \$25.00, but we DOUBLED IT and paid him \$50.00; the same in February, second prize of \$25.00 DOUBLED TO \$50.00; in MARCH and APRIL he WON THE FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00; and each of these months we DOUBLED IT and paid him \$100.00; and all these same subscriptions that won him these SIX MONTHLY PRIZES ALSO COUNTED IN THE GRAND PRIZE contest and won him the CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE of \$250.00 more. How was that for a DOUBLING UP combination? But if he had won the first instead of the second prize the other three months he would have won, and we should have PAID HIM \$1,300.00; he just missed it, but, the \$875.00 that he did win was quite a HANDSOME LITTLE WINDFALL to PICK UP IN SPARE MOMENTS outside of his regular business IN SIX MONTHS.

THEN THERE IS MR. C. F. CLARK, of LEROY, N. Y., whose PICTURE APPEARS BELOW, to show how one creeps up from a small beginning in this prize competition. In November he WON ONLY a \$1.00 PRIZE; in DECEMBER he DIDN'T TRY; in JANUARY he entered again and won a \$1.00 PRIZE AGAIN; in FEBRUARY he won a \$1.00 PRIZE AGAIN, and it being his second month we DOUBLED IT and paid him \$2.00; in March he WON THE THIRD PRIZE of \$10.00, and we DOUBLED IT paying him \$20.00; in April he won the SECOND PRIZE of \$25.00 and we PAID HIM \$50.00, and the combined subscriptions which he sent in won him ALSO the THIRD GRAND PRIZE of \$65.00, making \$139.00 in all that we PAID HIM IN CASH PRIZES BESIDES ALL HIS PREMIUMS.

MR. C. B. MORRIS of HEBRON, a small town in West Virginia, won the third prize of \$10.00 in November and the same prize again in December, and of course we DOUBLED HIS SECOND MONTH'S PRIZE, making \$30.00; we PAID HIM FOR THE TWO MONTHS. He DROPPED OUT and didn't do anything during the other FOUR MONTHS, but the subscriptions he got his FIRST TWO MONTHS WON HIM the FOURTH GRAND PRIZE of \$40.00, which we paid him in May making a TOTAL of \$70.00 IN CASH PRIZES paid him just for winning the \$10.00 THIRD PRIZE TWICE. Isn't that a good kind of a combination by which TWICE TEN MAKES SEVENTY? We have mentioned only a few of the many prizes winners in our last year's competition just to illustrate the workings of our great combination progressively compounding prize offer by allowing you some of the actual results last year. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS to whom WE PAID PRIZES, and among them many children.



MR. C. F. CLARK

winners in our last year's competition just to illustrate the workings of our great combination progressively compounding prize offer by allowing you some of the actual results last year. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS to whom WE PAID PRIZES, and among them many children.

### Monthly Prizes Double Up to Persistent Winners and Give Astonishing Results

Nobody ever heard of such a thing until it was invented by us especially for our Great Jubilee Anniversary Prize Offer which created such a sensation a year ago; so we give you the benefit of it again in this present prize offer. It is a very simple process, but it produces surprisingly large results by doubling up prizes for those who win month after month. This is it. If you win a prize any month it will be paid you immediately, and you will receive your regular club premiums, too, as fast as the clubs come in. But that is not all. If you win a monthly prize the next month, that is for two months in succession, we will immediately pay you double the amount of your second month's prize. You need not win the same prize both months; any prize one month and any prize from \$1.00 to \$50.00 the next month will do the doubling act on the second month's prize. We also double for you whatever monthly prize you win the third successive month; and likewise the fourth, fifth and sixth months if you continue to win. Understand, that if you win one monthly prize, all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter will be doubled for you.

This explains why there are two sums stated for each prize in the above December prize list; the first sum each time being the regular prize for that month and the second sum being the amount to which it is likely to be doubled by the progressive process just stated.

Of course the doubling and thriffling does not apply to the consolation prizes which are distributed by us among women and children who don't win.

### Letter and Photo from the 83-YEAR-OLD PRIZE WINNER

Richland Ctr., Wisconsin, Dec. 15, 1908.  
Publisher COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir:—I hereby acknowledge the generous gift of

\$50.00 cash, also premiums following each other in rapid succession, of books, dolls, dishes and everything as ordered.

Here is a photo of your eighty-three-and-a-half-years-old servant with a crippled knee, who tramped ten villages getting subscribers for COMFORT last month and getting thriffling pay for my work.

1st. IN VISITING AMONG OLD FRIENDS;  
2nd. IN PREMIUMS;  
3rd. IN CASH PRIZE \$50.00.  
God bless our dear Publisher, his work and Uncle Charlie, with his band of Cousins.  
S. V. CARPENTER.

**CONDITIONS.** The conditions of this contest are few and simple.  
First. Send subscription clubs, large or small, often as you like. Name regular club premium you want.  
Second. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.  
Third. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the post-mark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.  
Fourth. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: 3 five-months subscriptions equal one yearly subscription. One two-years renewal equals one yearly subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.

## Cash Prizes All Sizes \$1.00 the Least

### \$1,300.00 THE LIMIT TO ANY ONE WINNER

#### ENTER NOW FOR NOVEMBER PRIZES

This is our SECOND GRAND Combination PRIZE OFFER, and we make it the same as our GRAND JUBILEE PRIZE OFFER of last year, because that was such a great all-round success,—but this time WE OFFER MORE PRIZES.

We paid \$875.00 to MR. E. WAGONER, of Galesburg, Ill., and \$350.00 to MISS ALICE WINTERS, of Grover Hill, Ohio, and large sums to MANY OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS, and HUNDREDS of SMALLER PRIZES of ONE to FIVE DOLLARS EACH easily won with little effort, all in accordance with our last year's PRIZE OFFER which proved to be

### THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

to them; and we now offer you an equal opportunity to WIN AS MUCH OR MORE.

THIS IS THE GREATEST COMBINATION PRIZE OFFER ever made, because these 863 CASH PRIZES are divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, 34 GRAND PRIZES, \$5.00 to \$250.00, and 525 consolation PRIZES of \$1.00 EACH for WOMEN and CHILDREN; so that you may win any ONE CASH PRIZE, or ANY NUMBER or combination of CASH PRIZES not exceeding seven and not MORE THAN \$1,300.00 in all to any one person, and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

WE PAY BIG CASH PRIZES MONTHLY, so that you don't have to pull through a long contest to win, and you don't have to wait to get the premiums that you earn and the money that you win.

FOR EACH AND EVERY MONTH of the six months beginning with NOVEMBER, 1909, and ENDING with APRIL, 1910, there is a SEPARATE and DISTINCT PRIZE competition for a separate and distinct list of MONTHLY CASH PRIZES to be paid at the end of each month.

THESE 863 SPECIAL, EXTRA, CASH PRIZES will be paid, in addition to club premiums, to those who send us subscriptions to COMFORT. Prizes come thick and fast every month for six months.

### 209 PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

To the 134 PERSONS who, after entering this competition, send us the largest number of one-year subscriptions to COMFORT before the end of November, we will pay the following 134 monthly prizes:

1st Prize,	\$50.00	3rd Prize,	\$10.00
2nd Prize,	25.00	4th Prize,	5.00
130 Prizes of \$1.00 each, \$130.00			

This competition for November opens with the date of this announcement and closes at midnight, November 30, and these monthly prizes for November will be paid as early in December as we can count up and find out who the winners are. The first prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions before midnight of November 30, the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on.

75 CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$1.00 each WILL BE PAID, 50 to WOMEN and 25 to CHILDREN UNDER 15 years of age, who ENTER THIS NOVEMBER COMPETITION and FAIL TO WIN a monthly prize.

There will also be a separate subscription prize competition in each of the months of December, January, February, March and April, and each of these months we shall award and pay 34 monthly cash prizes to the 34 persons who, during the particular months for which the prizes are awarded, send us the largest numbers of yearly subscriptions. The following are the

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES			
1st Prize	\$50.00 or \$100.00	3rd Prize	\$10.00 or \$20.00
2nd Prize	25.00 or 50.00	4th Prize	5.00 or 10.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 or \$2.00 Each			

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES			
1st Prize	\$50.00 to \$150.00	3rd Prize	\$10.00 to \$30.00
2nd Prize	25.00 to 75.00	4th Prize	5.00 to 15.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 to \$3.00 Each			

The monthly Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January, except that the first prize is \$50.00 to \$200.00 for February, \$50.00 to \$250.00 for March, and \$50.00 to \$300.00 for April, as explained further on.

Each monthly contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted in on the contest for that month, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to everybody no matter how far off they live. The prizes for each month will be paid as early in the month following as we can count up and find out who the winners are. In the January number of COMFORT we shall print the names of the November prize-winners, and each succeeding month we shall print the names of those to whom we have paid prizes during the previous month.

### GRAND PRIZES

To those who send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions between the date of this announcement and midnight of April 30, 1910, we will pay the following grand prizes:

Capital Grand Prize,	\$250.00	4th Grand Prize,	\$40.00
2nd Grand Prize,	125.00	5th Grand Prize,	20.00
3rd Grand Prize,	65.00	6th Grand Prize,	10.00
28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00			

The Capital grand Prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions between now and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums, and therefore they are

### COMBINATION CUMULATIVE PRIZES

When you enter for the monthly prizes we also enter you for the Grand Prize Contest, and all the subscriptions which you send in any month count in the monthly prize contest of that month and also in the Grand Prize Contest. You can enter at any time in any of the six months and can drop out at any time, and we will pay you whatever monthly prizes you win while you are in, and will send you your regular club premiums, too, as fast as you send in the clubs. You may win a monthly prize one month, two months, or every month, and may win a Grand Prize on top of them. As all the subscriptions in this contest count toward both sets of prizes, the Grand Prizes are sure to go to winners of monthly prizes.

### MONTHLY PRIZES THRIBBLE

If you win the same monthly prize three consecutive months, we will double your second month's prize and pay you three times the amount of your third month's prize. See how this works. Suppose you win the third prize, \$10.00, for three consecutive months, or as some say, three straight months,—what we mean is three months running. In that case we pay you \$10.00 for the first, \$20.00 for the second and \$30.00 for the third month, making \$60.00 in all for the three months. And likewise with the fourth, fifth and sixth months, if you continue to win the same monthly prize. This explains why there are two sums stated for each prize for January and succeeding months, as above; the first sum each time being the regular prize for that month and the second sum being three times as much means that the regular prize is likely to be doubled or thriffling by the progressive process just stated.

Understand, that on the third consecutive month that you win the same monthly prize, and on all successive months thereafter that you win the same monthly prize, we pay you three times the monthly prize which you win. This rule applies to each of the 34 monthly prizes, ranging from \$1.00 to \$50.00 each month. Even a \$1.00 monthly prize becomes \$2.00 for the first, \$3.00 the third successive month that you win it, making \$6.00 for the three months, and so on at \$3.00 a month for the remaining three months if you continue to win it. There are 130 \$1.00 prizes the first month, and 30 \$1.00 monthly prizes each of the other five months, and it ought to be easy to win at least a \$1.00 prize each month, and if you do win only a \$1.00 prize each month, it will double and thriffling up to \$15.00 for the six months, and you would be almost certain to win a grand prize of at least \$5.00 more on top of that.

### YOU MAY WIN \$1,300.00

Undoubtedly many of the monthly prizes will be won easily and even doubled up or thriffling without much effort, as they were last year, but we are going to make it worth a vigorous effort to win the first \$50.00 monthly prize and keep on winning it month after month. So if the same person who wins the \$50.00 prize in November also wins the first prize each of the five succeeding months, we will pay him \$50.00 for November, double it to \$100.00 for December, make it \$150.00 for January, raise it to \$200.00 for February, raise it again to \$250.00 for March, and wind up by paying him \$300.00 for April, which adds up to \$1,050.00 for the six months; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you cannot help winning the Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00 also, which added to the \$1,050.00 makes the splendid sum of \$1,300.00 which we should be more than pleased to pay you if you are industrious and persevering enough to win it. Now is not this worth trying for? It is enough to buy you a small farm, a little home in the village, set you up in business, pay off a mortgage, or start a bank account and make you a capitalist.

### 525 Consolation Prizes for Women and Children

We shall pay 525 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each (including the 75 above mentioned for November), to women and children under 15 years of age. These consolation prizes will be awarded and paid by us for the five months, November to March, to such of the women and children entering for monthly prizes and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. Remember, the monthly prizes are paid every month. The November prizes will be paid early in December, and the names of the winners will appear in January COMFORT, and so on, month after month, until May, when the Grand Prizes will be awarded and paid.

### A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR

We shall keep a strict account of all subscriptions sent in to us by each and every person who enters this great subscription prize contest so that there shall be no mistake in awarding the prizes. Each and every prize must and shall surely be paid to somebody. It makes no difference to us who wins them. We shall take great care to see that those who win them get them, and you will all know because we shall publish the names of all the prize winners.

IN CASE OF A TIE, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and doubling the share of either contestant entitled to double.

**EVERYTHING TO WIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE.** It costs you nothing to enter. It is the chance of a lifetime,—a lot of great chances combined. Don't let them slip past you. Enter now with a club of two or more and get in line for the prizes. Your own subscription or renewal will count one. You can renew 2 years for 25 cents, or if you have recently renewed or subscribed, you can extend your subscription for 25c. more and have it count one. Use the Prize Contest Entry Coupon on opposite page to enter this contest, or if you do not wish to mutilate this paper by cutting it out, copy it on to a sheet of paper. Get your friends to subscribe, renew or extend their subscriptions and help you to win a prize.



Miss Alice Winters Who Won \$350.00

THE YOUNG LADY, whose picture is shown above, WON HER \$350.00 IN ONLY THREE MONTHS' time. She did NOT ENTER UNTIL DECEMBER, the second month of last year's prize competition, and that month she won the second PRIZE of \$25.00; in JANUARY SHE WON THE FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00 which we DOUBLED and PAID HER \$100.00; again in FEBRUARY she won the \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE and we paid her ANOTHER \$100.00, and then she was ill and HAD TO DROP OUT and DIDN'T DO A THING. DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A TRY in MARCH or APRIL but the subscriptions THAT SHE SENT IN THROUGH DECEMBER, JANUARY and FEBRUARY and which WON her PRIZES IN THOSE THREE MONTHS counted for her in the GRAND PRIZE CONTEST and Won HER also the SECOND GRAND PRIZE of \$125.00 which we PAID HER in MAY. Don't you think she was more than SATISFIED WITH THE PROFITS of her brief efforts GETTING SUBSCRIBERS for COMFORT? \$350.00 CASH PRIZES besides all her valuable premiums in ONLY THREE MONTHS' time.—WOULDN'T YOU BE?

Then there is DEAR OLD MR. CARPENTER, whose picture and nice letter of thanks appear on this page. He had such a NICE, EASY, HAPPY TIME GETTING THE SUBSCRIPTIONS which won him the first prize of \$50.00 in NOVEMBER. He was more than 83 YEARS OLD and so he dropped out of the competition after the first month when cold weather came on, and through the other five months he didn't do a thing, but his November subscriptions won him a \$50.00 GRAND PRIZE which he was very MUCH SURPRISED to receive last May.

MISS LULA E. BLACKMAN, whose picture is shown below found that SMALL PRIZES EASILY WON COUNT UP. She entered in DECEMBER and won \$1.00; in JANUARY she won a \$1.00 PRIZE which we DOUBLED FOR HER; in FEBRUARY she again WON a \$1.00 PRIZE which we THRIBBLED and PAID HER \$3.00, making \$4.00 that we PAID HER FOR WINNING only THREE \$1.00 PRIZES; in March she won the FOURTH PRIZE of \$5.00 which we DOUBLED to \$10.00; in April she DROPPED BACK AGAIN to a \$1.00 PRIZE which we DOUBLED for her, and ALSO PAID HER the SIXTH GRAND PRIZE of \$10.00, making \$26.00 that we paid her for winning ONE \$5.00 and FOUR \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZES. But just see what this DOUBLING and THRIBBLING WILL DO on a \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZE. SEE WHAT IT DID DO FOR



MISS LULA E. BLACKMAN

\$1.00 PRIZES, and the combination also won HER a \$5.00 GRAND PRIZE which made \$30.00 that she received for winning SIX \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZES.

### Mrs. Alice Warner Won Seven Prizes

\$1.00 DOUBLE-THRIBBLE COMBINATION WON \$20.00 including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She won only six \$1.00 monthly prizes, but by our doubling and thriffling combination they brought her \$20.00, including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She lives at Redwood Falls, Minn.



Mrs. Alice Warner Won Seven Prizes

\$1.00 DOUBLE-THRIBBLE COMBINATION WON \$20.00 including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She won only six \$1.00 monthly prizes, but by our doubling and thriffling combination they brought her \$20.00, including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She lives at Redwood Falls, Minn.

ENTER NOW; Win a November Prize, Win Double in December. Read directions with coupon on opposite page.



Although the price of Oxien Plasters is 25c. each, to the first  
 seven hundred new friends who will order them, we will send  
**FREE TRIAL OFFER TO YOU.** Oxien Plasters are the only  
 Remedies, and will agree to test them. We will send them to  
 the powers of Oxien Plasters. We will send them to  
 tell their friends if they find relief from their  
 miseries, we will send a sample Oxien  
**Plaster free.**  
 Thousands of Americans have been cured by  
 this Wonderful Remedy, and many European  
 countries have already been made. Write at once—today—and we  
 will also send sample Oxien Plasters free.  
 All communications to the **SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER** must be addressed to  
**THE OXEN PLASTER CO., 44 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.**



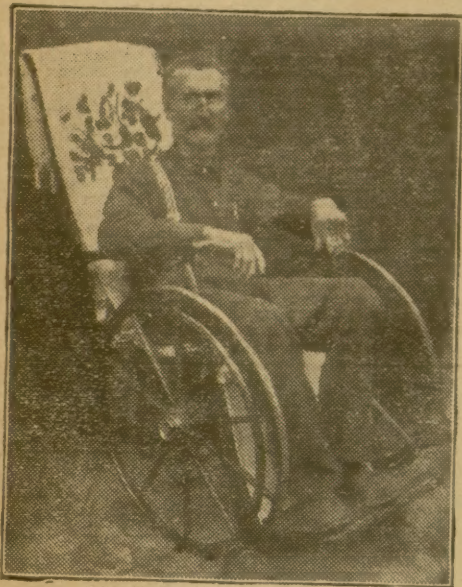




# One More Wheel Chair in September

## Thirty-nine in Sixteen Months

I am glad to announce that with the assistance of the Wheel-Chair Club COMFORT has been able to bestow another wheel chair since our September number went to press. The recipient is Miss Mamie Tichenor, Rockport, Ky., a very worthy unfortunate. She and her friends have sent in the larger part of the two hundred and fifty subscriptions requisite to earn her chair. Subscriptions to credit of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club are coming in somewhat faster now; so I hope to be able to give at least two wheel chairs in October. The September chair makes thirty-nine in all that COMFORT has given in the last sixteen months for the relief of destitute, crippled shut-ins. This seems a great work accomplished by the joint efforts of one publisher and his subscribers, and in a sense it is, because COMFORT is the only paper that is doing anything in this line; but it looks like almost nothing when I tell you that I have one hundred and three poor, suffering shut-ins on my waiting list whose urgent and touching appeals for a



JAMES GILLIAM  
Enjoying COMFORT'S Wheel Chair

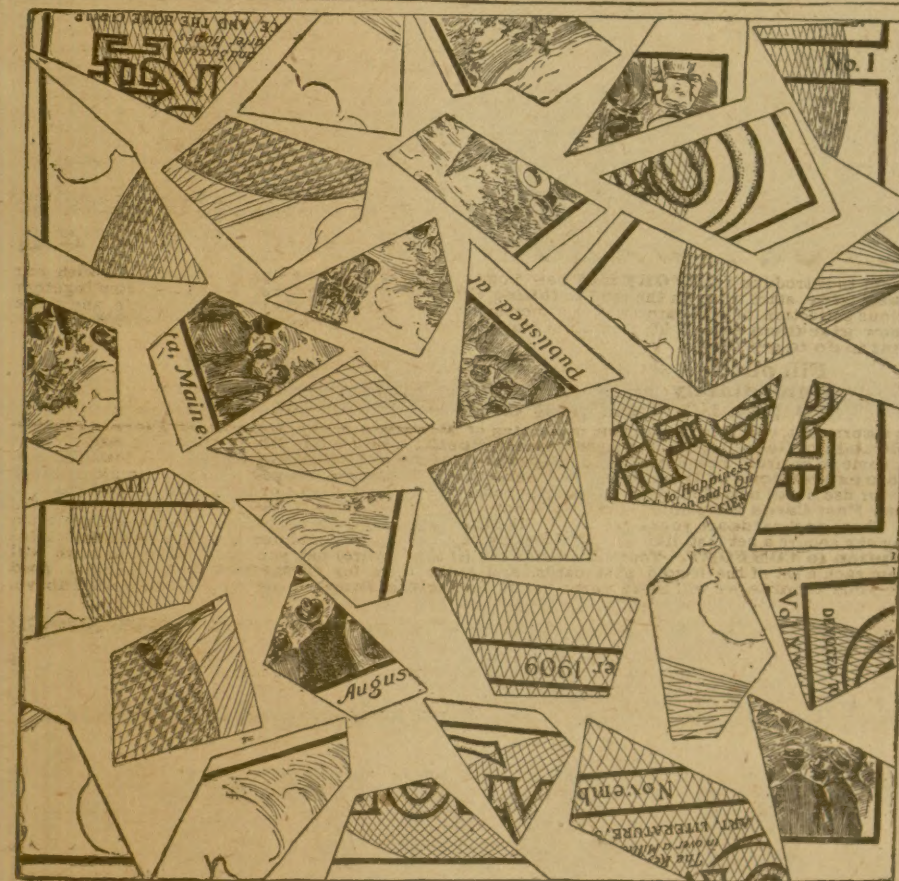
COMFORT wheel chair make my heart ache. The accompanying picture of James Gilliam of Klondike, Tenn., enjoying the wheel chair sent him by COMFORT last April, shows what these chairs are, so you can see what a blessing they must be to the shut-ins. Now my good readers help me to relieve the distressing need of these one hundred and three unfortunates. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a first-class invalid's wheel chair to some worthy, destitute crippled shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. We have space for only one letter this month.

W. H. GANNETT, Pub. of COMFORT.

Thanks from the Recipient of COMFORT'S September Wheel Chair.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:—Just received my COMFORT wheel chair for which I wish to express my sincere thanks. The chair is beautiful, and I know it will be a delight and comfort to me. Again I thank you and COMFORT'S Publisher for your kindly interest in securing this long-wished-for chair for me. God bless you all. Gratefully yours, M. A. BAGBY.

ASHLAND, ILL.



## An Airship in Pieces Put it Together

Cut this out and fit it together and you will see a true picture of the ascent of the great airship in which COMFORT'S Publisher made his sensational voyage through sky and clouds a mile above the earth. In Anniversary Souvenir COMFORT for November Mr. Gannett will give a most interesting account of his trip and tell you of his novel experiences in aerial navigation. His instructive and entertaining article is profusely illustrated so that to read it is next to taking the trip yourself. If you want to read it and all the other good things in Anniversary Souvenir COMFORT in November you must renew your subscription on that buff folder subscription blank (if you find it wrapped in this paper) and do it quick.

## IS THIS A SAMPLE COPY?

LOOK AND SEE. If so you will find it marked "Sample Copy" on the wrapper or title page, and you will know that you are one of a favored few to whom it is sent free this month only, with the compliments of the publisher, to show you what an excellent all-round family magazine it is, and to give you a chance to subscribe for it. But THIS IS THE LAST you will see of it if you do not subscribe.

KINDLY LOOK IT THROUGH. It will interest you, and every member of your family will find something in it of especial interest.

The Best Serial Stories by Well-Known Popular Authors constitute one of the strong and attractive features of COMFORT, and besides the three already running, parts of which you read in this number, another strong serial love story entitled "AN UNWILLING BRIDE" or "THE HEART'S REBELLION," with a strange plot and charmingly told, by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, will begin in November COMFORT and run through the fall and winter.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, at once, so as to get ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR COMFORT, an especially interesting number to be issued next month to celebrate COMFORT'S TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY. Elsewhere in this paper you will find a more extended announcement of the special features of our attractive November number. You will miss it if you delay, because we cannot supply back numbers.

COMFORT, each month, contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information, covering a wide range of interesting topics.

COMFORT IS BRIGHT, CHEERY, UP-TO-DATE. Its tone is moral, PATRIOTIC, and CHRISTIAN. An ELEVATING influence IN THE HOME, it PROTECTS the children from the TEMPTATION of reading demoralizing literature.

COMFORT is the Best All-Round Family Monthly. But don't take our word for it, and don't judge COMFORT by its subscription price, which is low enough to be within everybody's means; read this paper and judge for yourself.

Fill out the subscription blank below and send with it 25 CENTS for one year, or 10 CENTS for FIVE MONTHS' trial subscription. If you subscribe for a year you will receive our beautiful colored ART CALENDAR for 1910, sent you FREE as a THANKSGIVING PRESENT to decorate your home. It is really exquisite, being lithographed in ten colors from an elegant picture painted especially for us.

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Oct. '09.

I am sending 25 cents for 12 months subscription to COMFORT.  
10 cents 5 months

Name

Post-office

County

State

If you send a quarter cross out the words "10 cents." If you send 10 cents cross out the words "25 cents," so that the coupon will show correctly the amount of your subscription.

# SPECIAL PREMIUMS

## For Clubs of Five Months' 10-cent Subscribers to COMFORT

And several reasons why this is the best offer made, and why this is the accepted time to get trial months' subscriptions to COMFORT. You now have before you a copy of October COMFORT, a strong number so full of interest that it alone is worth the price of a five months' subscription—this single copy of COMFORT worth the price of a five months' subscription. You should be proud to show this number to your friends, and immediately secure a great many new yearly and five months' trial subscribers for us. Read all about the GREAT EDITIONS OF COMFORT promised for November, December and the remainder of the year, all of which is told in a few words on page two of this paper. Every word of that promise will be kept to the letter. A Five months' subscription taken now ends with issue of March 1910, during which time the largest number of pages and greatest amount of reading matter appears in COMFORT, or any other publication, for that matter, and a few words of explanation to each prospective customer will enable you to OBTAIN MANY NEW TRIAL TEN-CENT SUBSCRIPTIONS and thus EARN A VARIETY OF THE SPLENDID PREMIUMS OFFERED BELOW. Do not delay but attend to this now, and every subscriber you secure will be presented with a 1910 COMFORT ART HOUSEHOLD CALENDAR, which is also fully described elsewhere in this paper. Read every word of COMFORT, on every page and in every paragraph there is something of interest to you.

## READ ALL ABOUT THE DIFFERENT PREMIUMS DESCRIBED HERE.

Here follows a selected list of our best premiums arranged and classified under several different offers so that you are certain to find something of interest.

### FREE FOR CLUBS OF TWO

For only two 5-months 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent you post-paid.

Choice of any one of 680 splendid story books. Full size books, 5 x 7 1-2 and contain from two to three hundred pages. Good size type, pretty covers, well bound, as shown in our big catalogue, including "Virgie's Inheritance," "Magdalen's Vow" and others by Laura Jean Libby, Mary J. Holmes and other popular writers. Send for complete list.

SIX BEST OLD-TIME SONGS and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, selected from a list of over a thousand titles, such as "Old Oaken Bucket," "Little Dora Lee," "The Broken Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Ben Bolt," and "Old Kentucky Home." This is but a suggestion. We have over fifty thousand copies. You are sure of a good assortment, and secure SIX for only two 10-cent 5-months subscriptions.

Golden West Post Card Scenes, ten lithographed cards, showing in colors typical western Cowboys and Girls at work and at play.

A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.

A 20-inch Cloth Doll to be sewed and stuffed. Indestructible and pleasing.

A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and answers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy. This will please you.

One copy of either of these great books, "Young America's Letter Writer;" or, the "Great Book on Politeness."

A beautiful oil painting reproduction, 17x24 inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Defiance."

Your choice of two beautiful stamped Linen Sets, one has American Beauty Roses, the other Strawberries and flowers of the wood. One has 324 square inches of material, the other has 496 square inches of material.

A Rubber Singing Pig. Fun and squeals by the cart load for everyone.

One 20-inch Stamped Linen Centerpiece. Very handsome pattern from our large stock.

A Comfort Stamping Outfit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.

A Pair of Glass Salt Holders for the dining table.

A Gentleman's Stylish Superba Silk-finish Pocket Handkerchief. Very handsome.

An assortment of 16 Transfer Designs, containing 49 patterns for ladies' fancy work.

Four attractive Paper Bells, suitable for decorating in or outdoors. Very attractive and a great craze now.

A 1910 Style of Fancy Back Comb for Ladies' Wear. Very effective.

A Two-bladed Pocket Knife, German Silver Handle, good strong blades, a keen cutter.

A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for change, etc.

A Genuine Magnifying Glass of great strength.

A Stamped Mantle Scarf or Lambrequin, 72 inches long, also suitable for Piano Cover.

A Teddy Bear Target Game. Harmless, amusing indoor game to amuse the whole party.

Webster's Handy Dictionary, containing 30,000 words with pronunciation, definitions and illustrations.

Modern Harmonica, a concert horn, extra loud, new 1910 model instrument.

Harmonica, The Man Behind the Gun style.

Coin Holder Harmonica and Puzzle Combined. Read full description about this combination.

200 Old-Time Songs, containing words and music of choicest gems.

One dozen Birthday Post Cards or one dozen Battleships. We will give you one dozen of any of our Post Cards which you may select, or assort them up from our American, Foreign or Comic series.

A Curved Necklace of over three hundred beads, made in three strands. These are the very height of fashion and real coral is now in great favor.

A Comfort Stamping Outfit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.

A Venetian Bead Necklace, 30 inches long, for fans, etc. Made up of hundreds of pretty glass beads.

A Aluminum Pocket Drinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.

A set of Silver Aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers, full family size; won't tarnish.

A Stamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edge; a popular premium.

A Ring for Baby, 14k. gold filled and do not wear off black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."

Two Collar, Neck or Dress Pins, indispensable for ladies' wear.

A Resurrection Plant, or "Rose of Jericho," a most wonderful plant; will grow indoors or out.

24 square inches of Designs on Linen. Nine separate articles ready to embroider.

Sixty-inch Nickel Tape Measure.

Set of Twelve Lovers Lane St. Jo. Post Cards, illustrating that beautiful poem by Eugene Field. Lithographed in gold and many colors.

Your choice of either Twelve Gold Floral or Twelve Friendship Cards. These are very handsome and expensive Cards good for all occasions and especially attractive.

### FREE FOR CLUB OF FOUR

For only four five-months 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent you post-paid.

Four Hardy Shrubs, following varieties, Hydrangea, Spirea, Purple Liliae and Althea. All are year old plants for full planting satisfaction guaranteed.

Back Comb and Barettie, to make imitation real hand-carved, shell or amber color, state preference.

A copy of "Lover's Encyclopedia," a large volume of verses and fascinating literature for young folks.

A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspoons. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some for free.

A Set of Ladies' Handkerchiefs, all hemstitched and stamped for embroidery.

A copy of Pratt's Chart of Chords and Album of Songs. Teaches how to play Piano or Organ.

A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.

A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Orphans," by Mary J. Holmes.

One of our Battenburg Outfits of over 1000 square inches of all new neat designs.

A Beautiful Framed Picture, the subject in several colors, all complete to hang on wall.

Our Boys' Printing Outfit. Two hundred separate pieces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for printing, cards etc.

Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.

A Chased or Plain Band Ring, made in Gold Shell pattern. Will wear for years and not tarnish.

An Art Table Cover made of pretty material and an addition to a center table in any room.

Choice of Victoria, Princess or Swastika Stamping Outfit of perforated designs, outfits complete with directions and material.

Splendid Knife, single blade, Ivory handle. This knife is suitable for your work basket, or for the children to carry.

A 45-inch Lace Ornament, suitable for bureau, dresser or Table. New and very fashionable.

Fifty-card Album for Souvenir Post Cards, with four free cards to make a start with.

"The Shadow of a Cross." Bound copy of this beautiful story, as printed in COMFORT recently. Nearly 200 pages, clear type, extra quality paper.

Birthday Book. Unique little volume. Cover has your own name in gold, with story of its name, derivation, meaning, etc., as well as diary spaces for whole year.

Soft leather covers.

Five Electric Hair Wavers. The kind that gives your hair the Marcel Wave. Easy and safe to use, no heat, no trouble.

A package of 26 Post Cards illustrating Ex-President Roosevelt's Tour of Africa, the Elephant-Lion Hunt in the Wilds. Photographs from life reproduced on Post Cards. Series is of inestimable value.

Set of 50 highly-colored lithographed Cards representing a Tour of the United States. Points of interest in every remote spot brought to you with a pamphlet description of each Card.

Complete Tour of the World a series of 100 actual scenes in colors. Places of prominence and points of interest in all parts of the world, photographed and presented to you on Post Cards making a very valuable and comprehensive collection of Cards. One of our best Post-Card assortments.

### FREE FOR CLUBS OF SIX

For only six trial five-months 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent you post-paid.

A Complete 850 Page Bible. Both the Old and New Testament. Clear print on extra quality paper, soft bindings.

Wonderful Harmonophone or Full Brass Band Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument.

A copy of Chiero's Great Book on Palmistry. New and complete edition.

A Practical Fountain Pen. Hard rubber barrel, 14k. gold pen point.

A Nut Cracker and Six Picks. A splendid seven-piece set.

A Handy Tool Set of twenty useful articles.

A complete set of Four 24-inch Stamped Linen Centerpieces.

One copy of Wood's Natural History, an 800-page Animal Book.

Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J. Holmes, "Mildred" and "Millbank."

Giant Outfit of 50 Assorted Post Cards, all different.

Four 20-inch, Stamped in Colors, Centerpieces. New designs and a new idea, very effective and pleasing.

### FREE FOR CLUBS OF TEN

For only ten trial five-months 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

Yankee Steam Engine, includes Boiler, Heater, Lamp, has whistle and pulley wheel. Interesting for a boy.

Your Choice, a copy of either St. Elmo, Vashiti, Infelice, Speckled Bird, or At the Mercy of Tiberius, all by Augusta Evans Wilson, and well worth reading; send for one at a time until you have the whole collection for your library.

Cathedral Angel Chimes, A new Turbine, Musical Decorative Novelty. Never advertised in this country by anyone else. A rare novelty and a decided innovation, different from anything you ever saw before. See one and be charmed.

Birthday Ring, engraved floral band, with stone setting, for each month of the year. Mention size and birthmonth when ordering.

A Pair Lace Curtains, nine feet long, one yard wide, suitable size for any window in your home, and especially dainty and pretty.

Money-making Post Card Outfit. For tinselling names and the names of cities and towns on post cards for profit. Big outfit will net two hundred per cent. profit.

A 20-inch tinted Art Cloth Centerpiece, 13 skeins pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our choicest premiums.

Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.

A copy of our 450-page book by Jacob Riis, "Roosevelt, the Citizen." A story every American should read with interest.

Square Deal Jackknife, for Men or Boys. Has two large steel blades, of extra good quality material; will take and keep a sharp edge. A big, strong knife for practical uses.

A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.

A Gent's Watch, warranted for one year. A full size watch and suitable for father or brother.

A Shaving Set of seven first-class articles. This set will place the man in the position of a professional.

A Practical Typewriter.

A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size, handsomely engraved and sent in a neat case.

A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.

One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.

### FREE FOR CLUBS OF TWELVE

For only twelve trial five-months 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

Bead Loom Outfit, consisting of 14,000 beads, Loom, instructions and designs to work with everything complete.

A Sleeping and Moving Eye, Dressed Doll, 15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.

A Gold Band Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.

Three mammoth stamping outfits, the Perfect, Princess and Swastika, over twenty large sheets, with a tremendous assortment of patterns, all different. A dollar's worth if you purchased them.

Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Thimble and two dozen other handy articles for the housewife or seamstress.

An Assorted Hundred and Fifty Beautiful Post Cards, all different and in great profusion of color and variety.

A Set of Six Teaspoons and Six Forks, durable silver-plated ware for general family use.

### FREE FOR CLUBS OF FIFTEEN

For only fifteen trial five-months 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks, for general family use. Enough for the average family.

A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bearskin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

A Swiss Clock, made entirely of wood, except the movement, works with a weight, no springs, very odd and rustic appearing, splendid timekeeper and ornament.

Six Large Huckaback Towels, with red borders.

A King All Steel Single-Shot Air Rifle.

A Post Card Album that will hold two hundred cards, including 25 cards.

## HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A VIOLET DINNER SET FREE?

A spray of violets in their true colors of violet and green, tinged with red petals and sprays of yellow. Borders and edges decorated with gold clusters an inch deep, and the decoration is burned in, and is there to stay. These are the new thing in Dinner Sets and you will enthrall over it when you see it. To introduce at first we make liberal CLUB OFFER. Only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each required for this Violet Dinner Set. It will be carefully wrapped, packed and protected and freighted to you at once upon receipt of the club of ten subscribers.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## "My Lady Beth"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Philip, will the loss of this money be a disappointment to you?"

"In a way it will," the young man replied. "Not because of my own personal loss, for I am well fixed financially, and have always felt I had no moral right to any part of Miss Crawford's sentimental legacy. But, since learning of your reverses, I have been bitterly rebellious over this preposterous piece of folly—as you rightly term it—and the injustice of it as well; especially since, now that I am appointed one of the trustees, I shall have to see that the will is carried out. I swear, Mr. Russell, it makes me feel almost like a robber, and it is a burning shame!" he concluded flushing with indignation.

"No blame can be attached to you, Philip, and I can understand that you find yourself in an unpleasant position," said Mr. Russell with a sigh. "I confess," he went on, "that I had hoped, if this money had come to her, that Beth would lend me enough to set me on my feet again." He broke off suddenly looking so utterly discouraged, his lips unsteady, his massive chin quivering with repressed emotion, that Philip was deeply moved also.

"I will do that, Mr. Russell," he said eagerly, "and that was part of my errand in coming to you. I have money to invest, and I shall want

something to do myself now that I have returned, so if you want a partner, take me into business with you and we will try our luck together. What do you say?"

Mr. Russell got up suddenly and walked the length of the piazza and back. When he sat down again he looked like a different man, his eyes were bright, his manner alert.

"Philip, you can have no idea what your offer means to me," he said, a new hope vibrant in his tones. "With returning health I know my business capacity will be just as vigorous as ever. Capital is all I need to give me both courage and opportunity to regain the ground I have lost. You are your father's own boy—a noble, generous-hearted man, and from the depths of my heart I thank you. But, we will not talk any more about it tonight. I feel we both should think the matter over more carefully before deciding it definitely. Now let us go inside and join my sister who I know will be glad to make your acquaintance. You have hardly seen each other yet."

Philip gave him his arm and helped him into the house, for in spite of the new hope which seemed to animate him, he could see the man was greatly excited over their conversation and was trembling visibly. They spent a social hour with Miss Prue whom Philip found most charming, and he secretly wondered how it was possible that so sweet a woman had lived so long without finding her proper mate.

The next morning Mr. Russell was the first one down-stairs and surprised everyone by the change in his appearance. His face was bright and animated, his movements alert, his step firm and steady. It was as if he had imbibed some subtle elixir that had put new life into him during the night.

"Why, Stiles! surely, the coming of our guest has done you a world of good. You seem years younger than you appeared last night," his sister joyously observed as they sat down to the breakfast table.

"Philip has done me good, Prue. I feel like another man this morning. He has generously proposed to set me up in business again, coming in with me as partner, and, my boy, after giving the subject earnest consideration, I am going to accept your offer. God bless you," the man returned with a thrill of eagerness in his tones that brought tears to his sister's eyes.

"I am very glad. You are doing me a great favor, Mr. Russell, for I did not anticipate finding a favorable opening so soon after my return," Philip cordially observed, and from that moment Miss Prue was his warm friend and champion.

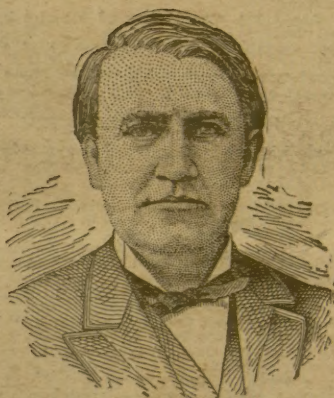
"Poor Beth," she thought, "you don't know what you have missed by running away. Philip Walton is a man after my own heart, and I believe you will yet be sorry you were so hasty in sending that letter. I suspect there is a secret reason why you were afraid to meet him." She regretted that she had not been more insis-

tent in her argument to keep her at home, for Beth, feeling sure Philip would come to see them in spite of her letter, had taken it into her willful little head that she could not, would not, meet him just yet; so, immediately after writing him, she had gone to make a long-talked-of visit with her friend, Muriel Armstrong.

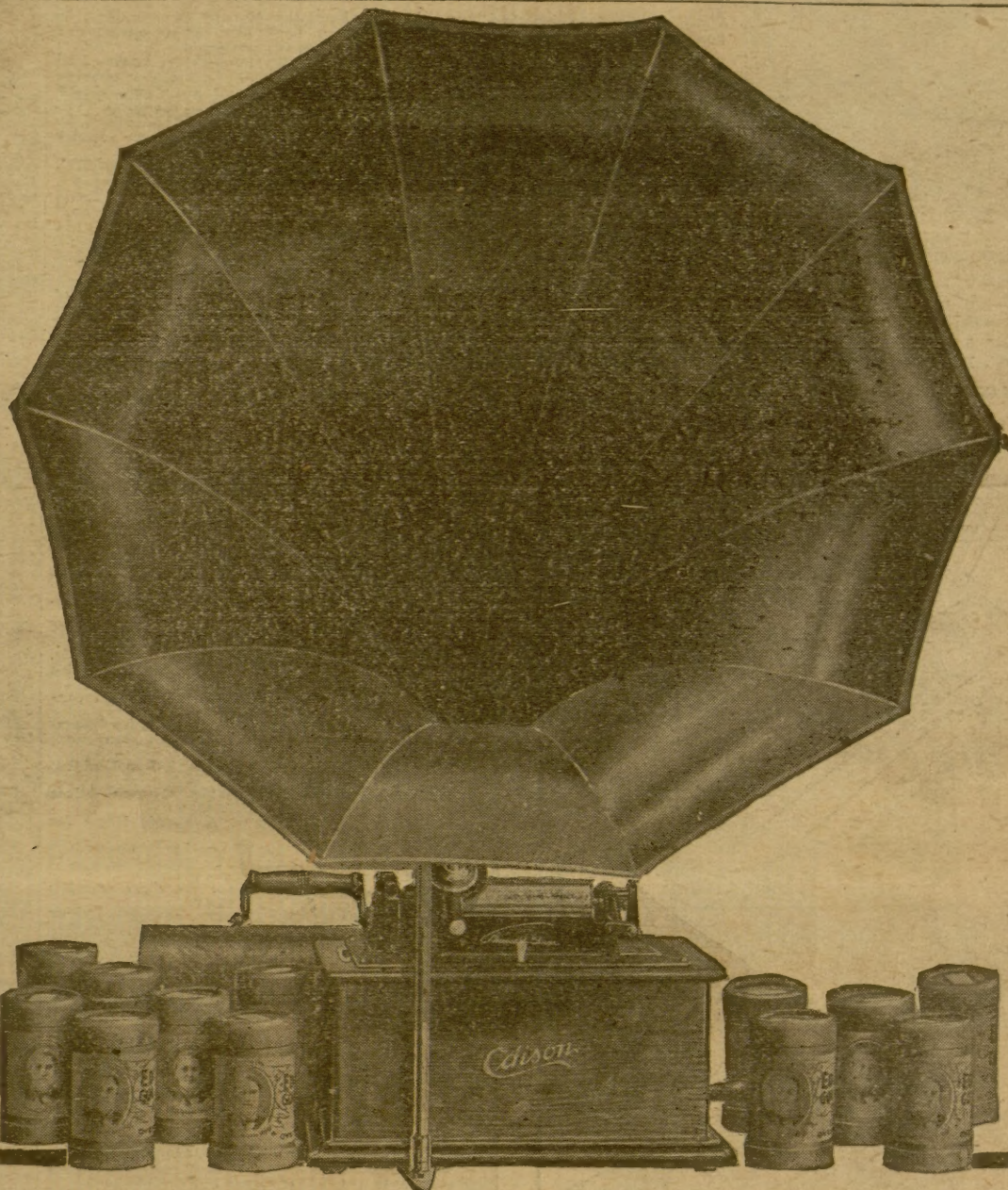
After breakfast Mr. Russell and Philip held a long business conference on the veranda. Then, when they had lunched, Miss Russell drove them about the pretty village, in her handsome station wagon taking in the famous "River Road Drive," returning in season for an early dinner, and later, Philip, having made an appointment to meet Mr. Russell in Boston the following week took the night train back to that city where he arrived early the next morning, feeling very well satisfied with himself and the world in general.

He was free from what had long been a galling bondage, without compromising himself in any way, while he believed he had also released Beth from a prospect equally revolting. He had inspired his father's old friend with new courage by pledging capital sufficient to start him anew in life, and at the same time had secured a partnership in the business which he felt sure would result to his own interest. He must have something to do,—idleness he detested—and, with Mr. Russell's capacity and experience backed by his money, he knew this was an opening not to be despised.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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